





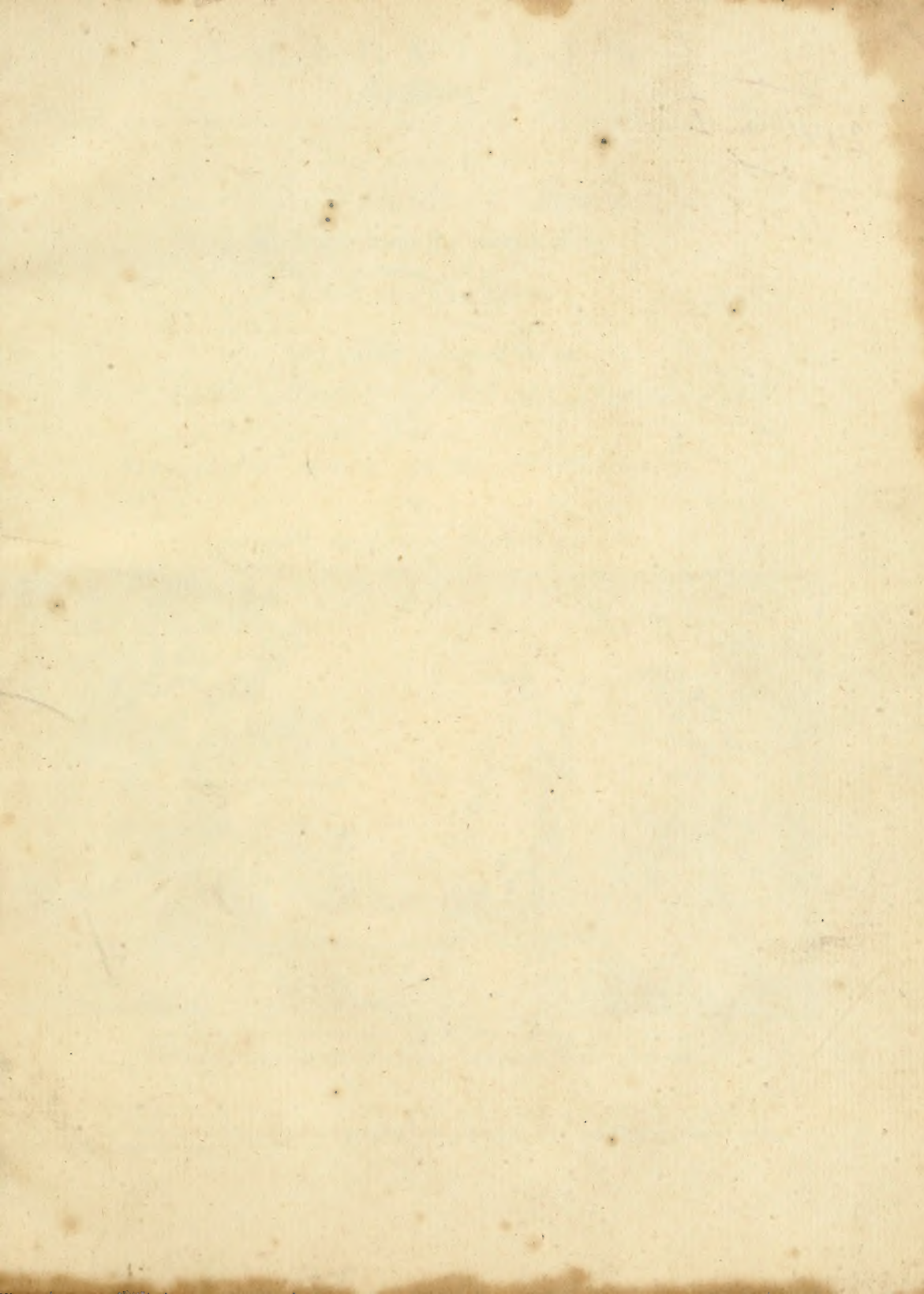


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2 vols in 1

AMARYLLIS:

Consisting
Of such SONGS as are most esteemed for Composition and Delicacy,
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All chosen from the WORKS of the

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With a

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VOL. I

SECOND EDITION, IMPROVED.



*Tu Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

L O N D O N.

PUBLISH'D ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT,

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To Her Highness -
The PRINCESS AUGUSTA,
Eldest Daughter to His Royal Highness
Frederick PRINCE of Wales;

These TWO VOLUMES of SONGS, called

AMARYLLIS,
Are most humbly Presented, By

Your Highness's,
Most devoted, and Obedient
Humble Servant,

The Proprietor, **THOMAS JEFFERYS.**





P R E F A C E .

THESE two Volumes of Songs, called *AMARYLLIS*, are all new transposed, revised, and adapted to the general Pitch of Voices, and all Instruments in common Use : And tho' several of them are seen in other Collections, none of them are merely copied, which, by reason of an infinite Variety of Faults, must have rendered them despicable and useless. The Whole has been strictly examined, Poetry as well as Music, and the Harmony settled between the Aires and Bases, by a Gentleman of undoubted Ability : So that as this Collection certainly excels all others, both in its Form and Correctness, it is also of so moderate a Price, that any Person capable of doing it in this manner must expect at least twenty times the Purchase-Money to fit it for the Press. The Goodness therefore of the Plan, as well as the Performance, being sufficiently confest by the Quickness of the Sale, this Work is recommended as a handsome Repository of curious Songs for the innocent Amusement of young Gentlemen and Ladies, and not beneath the Practice of the most judicious Performers.

- As Cloe in the Garden stray'd,*
Set by Crookenden Vol II. pag. 80
As Cloe o'er the Meadow Alcock II. 43
As Damon on a Summer Worgan I. 73
At last my dear Cloe Barker, I. 16
At setting Day Howard, I. 48
At St Olyth by the Mill Howard, II. 44
At the Brow of a Hill Howard, I. 54
At the silent evening Ofwald, I. 36
At Upton on the Hill Howard, I. 33
Blah not what you Carey, I. 25
Blow on ye Winds Lamp, II. 28
Britannia sees brave Howard, I. 10
By the gaily circling Arne, II. 60
Can Love be controll'd I. 46
Cloris darling of Weideman, II. 65
Come Amarylus quit the Town II. 25
Come live with me Chilcot, I. 18
Crowds of Coxcombs Lamp, II. 33
Cruel Amynta Defesh, II. 16
Cruel Creature, Can you I. 69
Dear Cloe, while thus beyond I. 80
Domestic Bird Sandford, II. 35
Fairest of the Virgin Boyce, II. 22
Fair Sally loved Green, II. 21
Farewell ye Flocks Worgan, I. 44
Fly, Care, to the Winds II. 20
Fly swiftly, ye Minutes Arne, II. 66
For a Shape and a Bloom Arne, II. 73
From Clime to Clime Hodson, I. 62
From scourging Rebellion Handel, I. 2
From sweet bewitching tricks I. 74
Gentle Love this St Germain, II. 32
Goddes of Ease Boyce, II. 13
Go, happy Paper Holcomb, I. 64
Guardian Angels Carey, I. 29
Guito, to a Composition of Handels, II. 64
Had Molly but known I. 37
Help me, each harmonious Grove II. 56
How brimfull of nothing Carey, II. 12
How happy is the Maid Howard, I. 71
I envy not Sir Courtly Nice I. 49
If all that I love Arne, II. 62
If Beauty can alone Festing, I. 63
If Truth can fix Howard, II. 54
If you my waning bring Boyce, I. 15
If you wou'd keep Carey, II. 45
In some dreary Desert II. 69
In vain Philander Boyce, II. 9
In vain the Force Green, II. 40
Joy intensens all Weideman, I. 65
Is there a Charm Carey, I. 31
It is not that I love Ofwald, II. 4
It is not the Charms of Beauty I. 40
I tell with equal Worgan, II. 40
I wish and long Lamp, I. 30
Latently on yonder swelling Bush I. 7
Let me wander Handel, II. 11
Let Poets and Historians Carey, I. 56
Long in vain I've been persuing II. 24
Love's a dear deceitful Handel, II. 17
Loves a gentle generous Carey, II. 5
Lucinda by a secret Strollger, I. 61
Mortals wisely learn Handel, I. 9
My Lelida let us live Lamp, II. 27
No more shall Meads Boyce, I. 21
Of every sweet Lamp, II. 53
Of on the troubled Galliard, II. 52
O leave me to complain Carey, II. 20
On a Day Chilcot, I. 42
One Summer's Eve Howard, I. 32
On dear Zelinda's Charms II. 36
On every Hill Arne, II. 38
On his Face Boyce, II. 14
O would'st thou St Germain, II. 8
Phyllis has each pleasing Art I. 5
Preach not me Arne, I. 1
Restrain'd from the sight Alcock, II. 18
Say, Myrd, why Howard, II. 37
See Daphne, see Howard, II. 48
See, Flora, bow Howard, I. 24
Shepherd desires, pretty Strollger, II. 26
Should Love sincere Ofwald, II. 57
So Fair and soft I. 10
Spring renewing Defesh, II. 3
Stella and Flavia Howard, I. 26
Strephon why that Vincent, I. 20
Swains I scorn Howard, I. 12
Swain I know that you II. 30
Sweet were once Russel, I. 23
Sylvia, wilt thou waste I. 6
Tell me, lovely Shepherd Boyce, II. 6
Tell me, my Delia Howard, I. 14
Tell me not of a Face Lamp, II. 72
That which ber Gemiani, II. 41
The Birds no more Handel, I. 68
The blithest Bird that sings I. 55
The cheerful Spring Boyce, I. 66
The Fields and Groves Worgan, I. 4
The gentle budding Rose Barker, I. 47
The Morning is charming I. 78
The new flown Birds Lamp, I. 53
The Nymph that seems Corf, I. 8
The parent Bird Lamp, I. 38
The Shape and Face Ofwald, II. 76
The wanton God Arne, II. 1
Two Daucis and I I. 46
Two Woman by frail Men I. 76
To heal the Smart II. 63
Too plain, dear Youth Howard, I. 28
To sooth my Heart Boyce, I. 77
To the Words that I sing Arne, I. 50
Tuneful Siren of the Stage I. 57
'Twas when the Sea Handel, II. 79
Wedding is great Juno's Chilcot, I. 58
Weep not my lovely Davis, II. 46
What Cato advises Carey, II. 19
What shall an injured Pepush, II. 2
When beauteous fair Camilla II. 47
When Fauny blooming II. 78
When first I fair Zelinda knew I. 39
When gentle Earthenissa Sullivan, I. 60
When here Lucinda Holcomb, I. 13
When Lucinda's Preleur, II. 61
When mighty Sol Worgan, I. 34
When modest Cloe's Strollger, I. 70
While I fondly view Handel, I. 41
While some for Pleasure I. 22
Who to win a Woman's Handel, II. 55
Why cruel Creature II. 1
Why beaces my fond Howard, I. 52
Why shou'd I my Passion II. 34
Why will Florella Will Turner, II. 70
With early Horn Galliard, II. 58
With tuneful Pipe Green, I. 72
Would you taste Arne, II. 50
Ye Powers above Ofwald, I. 17
Ye purple morning Roses Green, II. 68
Yes, I am in Love Handel, II. 74
Young Damon, once a jolly Swain II. 42



German
Flute

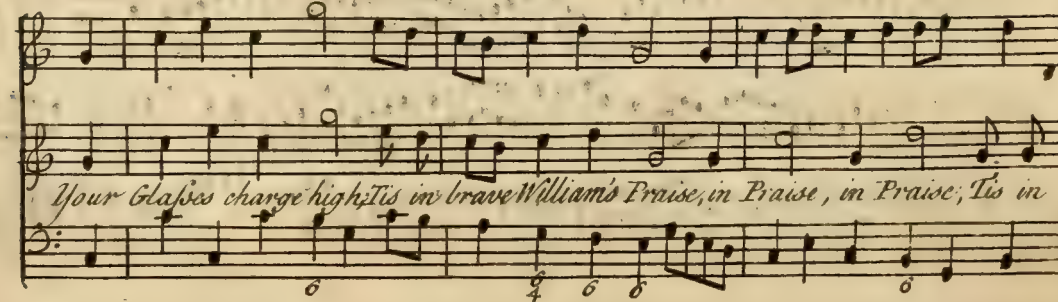
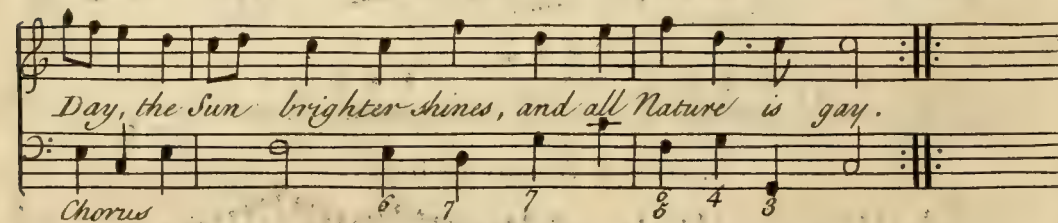
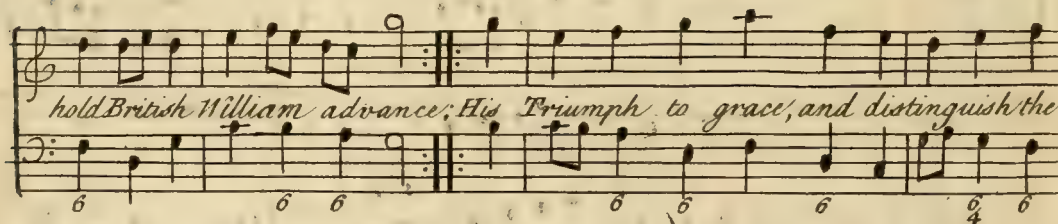
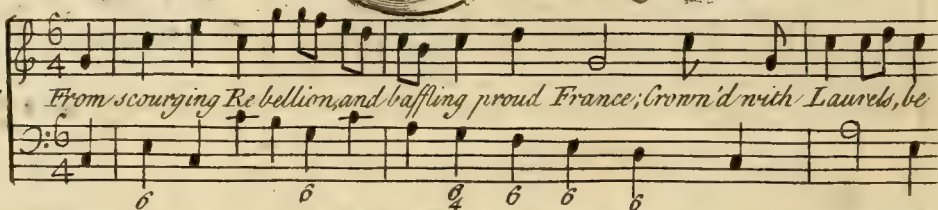
*Preach not me your musty Rules, ye Drones that mould in
idle Cell. The Heart is wiser than the Schools, the Senses always reason well.
If short my Span I left can spare to pass a single Pleasure by: An Hour is long if
lost in Care: They only live, they only live, they only live who Life enjoy.*

Flute, or German Flute.

Flute, or German Flute.



FLUTE



brave William's Praise To his Glory your Voices & Instruments raise, To his

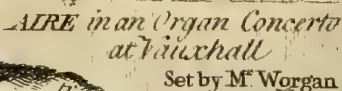
Glory your Voices and Instruments raise, to his Glory your Voices and Instruments raise.

While lost in soft Pleasure we courted repose, How hateful the Monarch who lived by false fame,
 Our Hero flew forth, tho' Streams round him froze, To satiate his Pride sets the World in a flame:
 To guard us from Tyrants, each danger defied, How glorious the King whose intelligent Mind,
 And would conquer or die by fair Liberty's side. Makes Grandeur consist in protecting Mankind.
 Your Glasses &c. Your Glasses &c.

Peace comes in his Train fairest offspring of Sky, Ye Warriors on whom we just Honours bestow,
 Every bliss in her Smile, every Charm in her Eye, O think on the Source whence our Evils do flow;
 While that foe to Man that worst Friend Civil War, Commanded by William Attack next the Gaul,
 To gnashing her Teeth & fast bound to his Car, And bind those in Chains who would Britons inthrall.
 Your Glasses &c. Your Glasses &c.

German Flute $\text{F} \# \text{C}$ $\frac{6}{4}$

Chorus



Nymph with soft Glances fast caught her fond Mate and each one Impatiently waited her Fate.

But when Amaryllis among them appear'd, Surpassing bright Juno the Comfort of Jove.
 Like Beauty's fair Goddess attended by Love: The Shepherds admiring, glad homage do pay,
 With Graces attractive each Heart she inear'd, The Nymphs with their Garlande no longer delay
 To crown Beauty's Paragon, Queen of the May.

Handwritten musical score for the song "Hut, Hut, Germanen". The score is written on three staves. The first staff is for the Flute or German Flute, with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is for the Flute, also with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The third staff is for the Flute, with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff has a tempo marking "Sym" (Symphonisch) and a dynamic marking "f" (forte). The second staff has a tempo marking "tr" (trill) and a dynamic marking "f". The third staff has a tempo marking "tr" (trill) and a dynamic marking "f". The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with trills and slurs. The score is written on aged, yellowed paper.

Pretty Phillis

German
Flute

Lively

Phillis has each pleasing Art, That the Youthful can insnare

First she wins the Lovers Heart, And then leaves him to despair.

Sym

With her looks and flattering Wiles,
She too soon a Conquest gains;
Makes him Captive with her Smiles,
Then She leaves him in his Chains.

Suains, Beware, the Danger shun;
Fly the Magic of her Eyes.
From the sly Inchantress run,
Lest you soon become her Prize.

The Hook lyes beneath the bait:
She with Smiles will draw you on;
But you'll find when tis too late,
That you're by her Frowns undone.

For Two
Flutes

Sym

Sylvia 2

German

Flute

Gently

Sylvia wilt thou waste thy Prime, Stranger to the Joys of Love? Thou hast

Youth and that's the Time Every Minute to improve. Round thee wilt thou

never hear Little wanton Girls and Boys, Sweetly sounding in thy Ear, Sweetly

sounding in thy Ear Infant prate and Mothers Joy's

FLUTE

The Rose-bud.

The Words from Waller.

Gentle

German Flute

Lately on yonder swelling Bush, big with many a coming
Rose. This early Bud began to blush, and did but half it
self disclose, I pluckt it tho' no better grown, yet now you
see how full 'tis blown.

The musical score is written for German Flute in 3/4 time, key of D major. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a 'Gentle' marking and a trill. The second system includes a repeat sign. The third system continues the melody with more trills. The fourth system concludes with a final cadence. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5, and trills are marked with 'tr'.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a purple Light they shone;
As if they had been made of Fire,
And spreading so would flame anon:
All that was meant by Air or Sun,
To this young Flower, my Breath has done.

If four mere Breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of Love?
Of purest Love and Music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move:
When that which lifeless Buds persuades,
To grow more soft her Youth invades.

Gentle

Flute

The musical score is written for Flute in 3/4 time, key of D major. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a 'Gentle' marking and a trill. The second system continues the melody with more trills. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5, and trills are marked with 'tr'.

Composed by M^r Corf.

German
Flute

The Nymph that seems to Love inclined, is
ever lovely seen: Has Wisdoms Goddess in her Mind, And fair as Beautys Queen, And
fair as Beauty's Queen.

Chast as the sweet refreshing Shower,
That purifies the Morn
And gives new Fragrance to each Flower
Which doth her Neck adorn.

Such is the fair One that I Love
With all her native Charms:
Protect her thusse Powers above,
To bless Philanders Arms.

FLUTE

Chast as the sweet refreshing Shower,
That purifies the Morn
And gives new Fragrance to each Flower
Which doth her Neck adorn.



Love & Friendship.

Set by M^r. Handel.

German
Flute

Mortals wisely learn to measure, Life by the Extent of Joy;

6 4 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6

Life is sho - - - - - rt and fleeting Pleasure, Then be gay,

6 7 6 6 6 6 7 6 7 tr *

while you may, And your Hours in Mirth imploy.

6 6 7 4

Never let a Mistress pain you,
Tho she meets you with a Frown;
Fly to Wine, it will soon unchain you.
Chearthy Heart, and all Smart,
In a sweet Oblivion drown.

Friendship, Wine and Love united
From all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State, Smile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

Flute

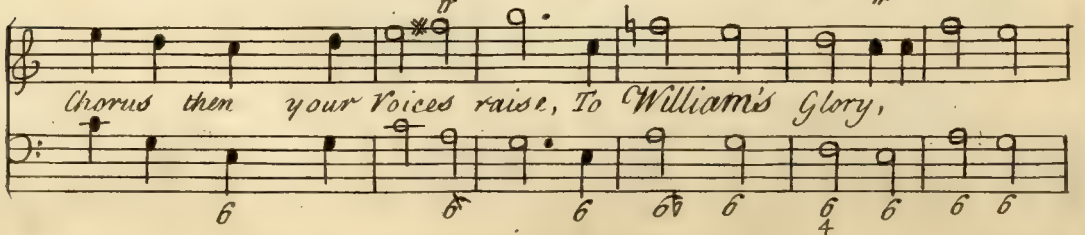
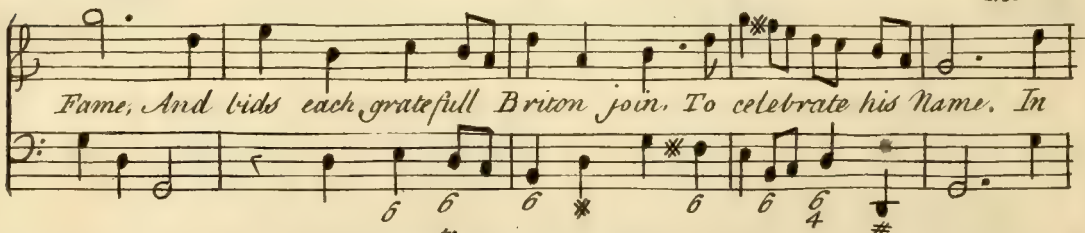
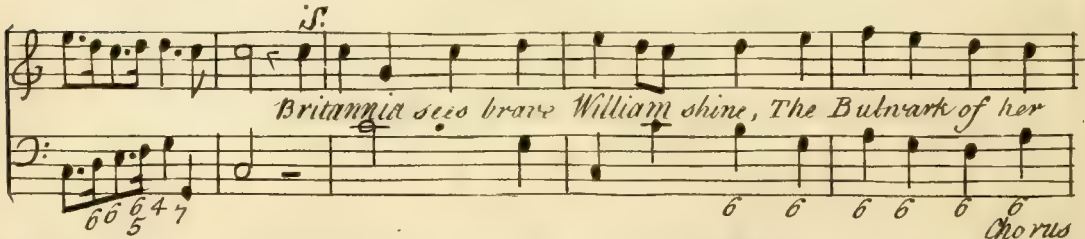
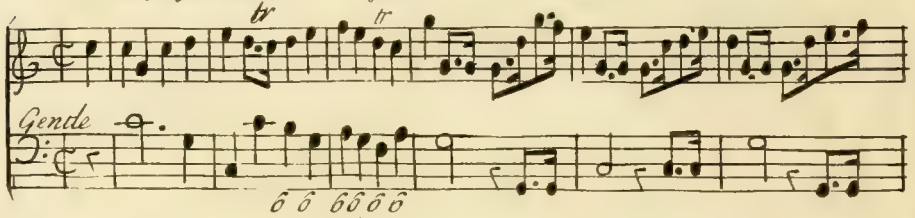
tr

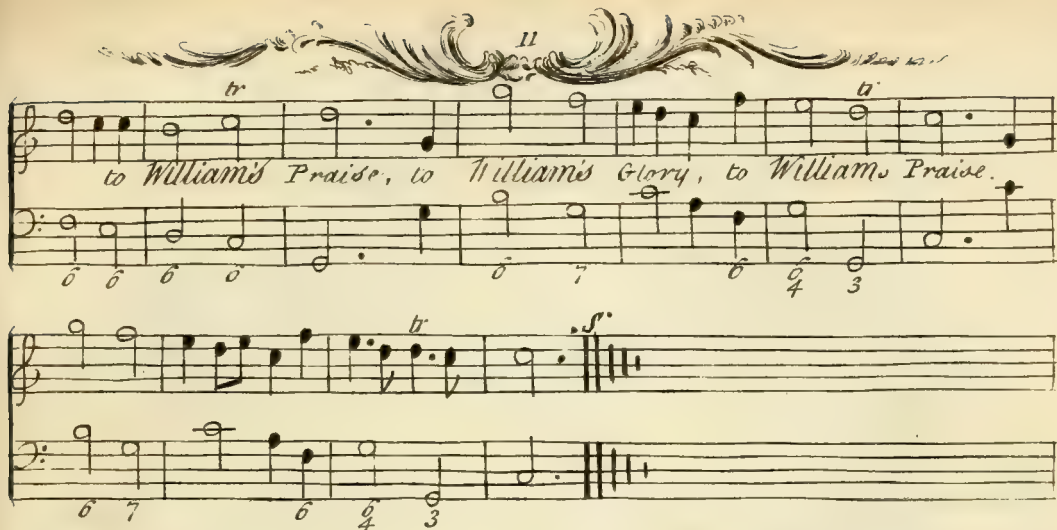
DUKE WILLIAM'S

Praise?

Set by M^r. Howard.

German
Flute.





*This happy Isle no more shall dread,
 Rebellion's lawless Band;
 With bold Invasion at it's Head,
 While William has Command.
 In Chorus then your Voices raise,
 To William's Glory, William's Praise.*

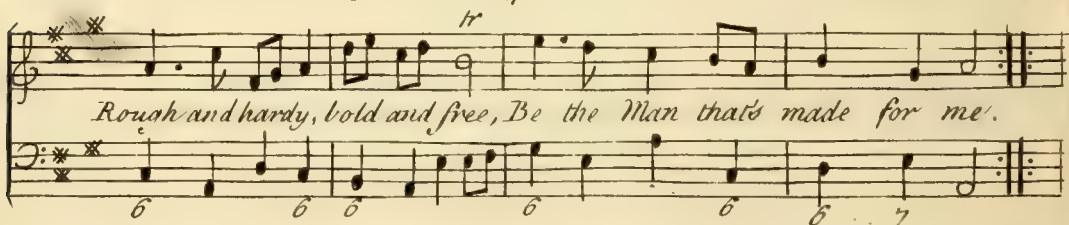
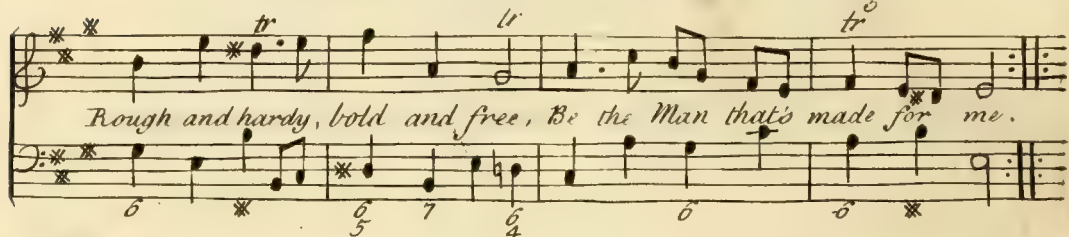
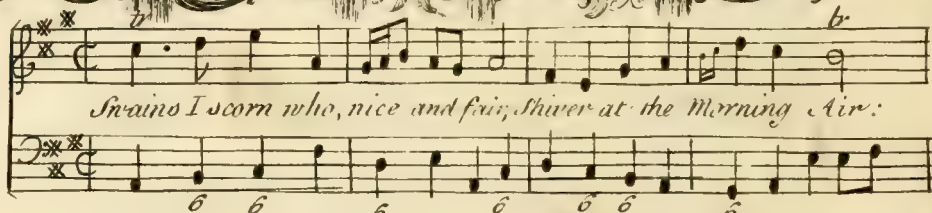
*Our Properties, Religion, Laws,
 No Change shall undergo,
 For valiant in Britannia's Cause,
 The Duke has quell'd our Foe.
 In Chorus then your Voices raise,
 To William's Glory, William's Praise.*

*George only Rules to keep us free;
 For this does William fight,
 While Britain's Goddess, Liberty,
 Bids all her Sons unite.
 And every Voice in Chorus raise,
 To George's, and to William's Praise.*



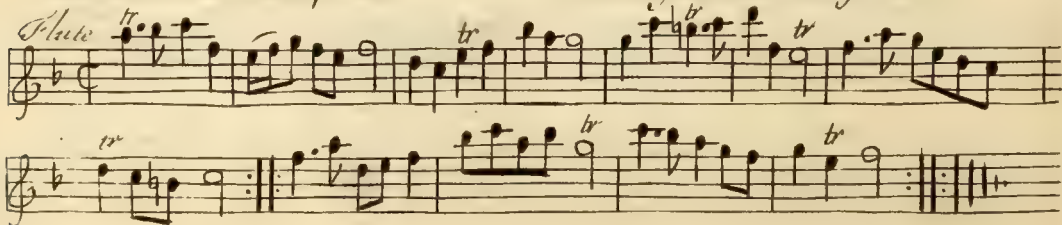


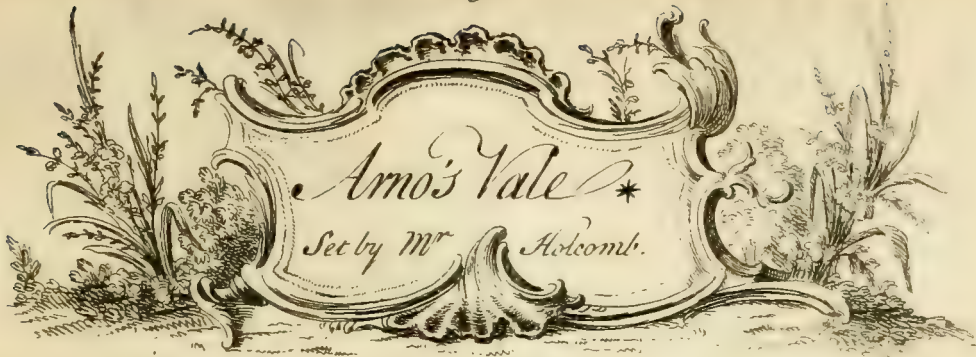
*German
Flute*



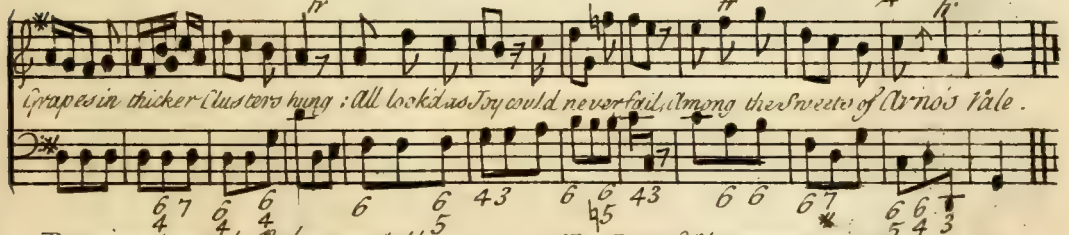
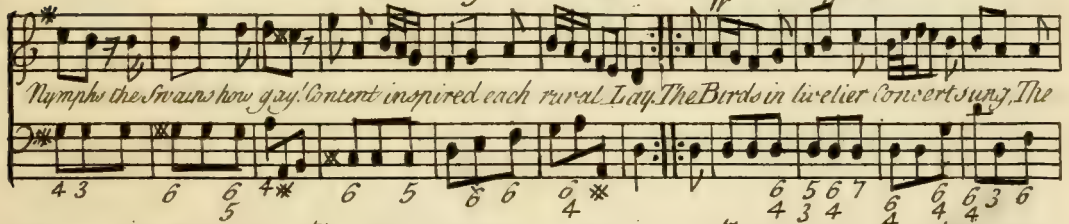
*Slaves to Fashions Slaves to Dress,
Fops themselves alone Dress;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me.
He whose nervous Arm can dart,
The Javelin to the Tiger's Heart;
From all sense of Danger free,
Be the Man that's made for me.*

*No simpering Smile, nor Dimple; Spleek,
Spoil his manly Sunburnt Cheek;
By Weather let him painted be,
He's the Man that's made for me.
If false he proves, my Javelin can
Revenge the Perjury of Man,
And soon another brave as he,
Shall be found the Man for me.*



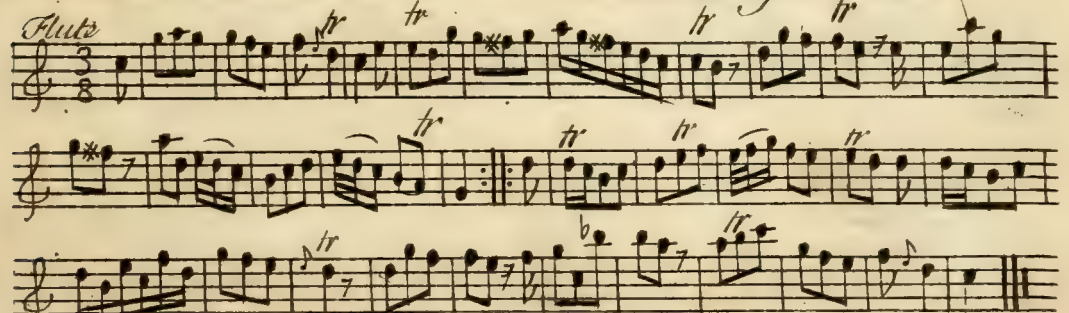


Gentle

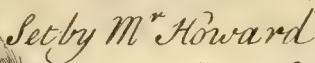


But since the good Palemon dy'd,
The chief of Shepherds and their Pride,
Now ARNO'S Sons must all give Place
To Northern Men, and Iron Race.

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er;
Thy Notes Lucinda please no more:
The Muses droop; the Goths prevail.
Adieu the Sweets of Arno's Vale.



* A fine delightful Valley near Florence; y' River Arno running thro' it.



Musical score for the song "Tell me my Delia tell me why, My kindest". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "Tell me my Delia tell me why, My kindest". The piano part includes fingerings: 6, 7, 7, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6.

Words and Looks you fly? What means that Frown up-on thy

Musical score for the song "Brow: Have I of-fended, Tell me hon: What means that". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Brow: Have I of-fended, Tell me hon: What means that

Frown up - on thy Brow, Have I of-fended, Tell me how.

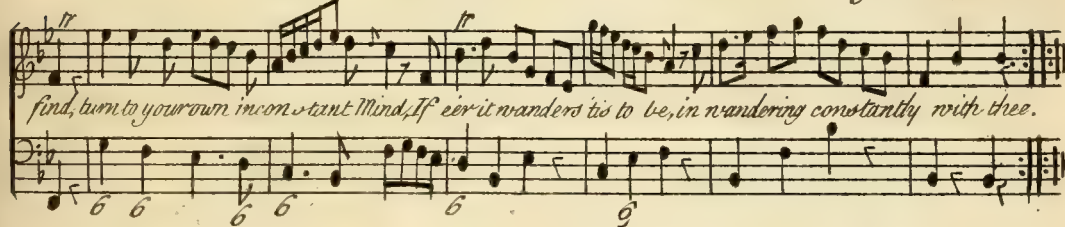
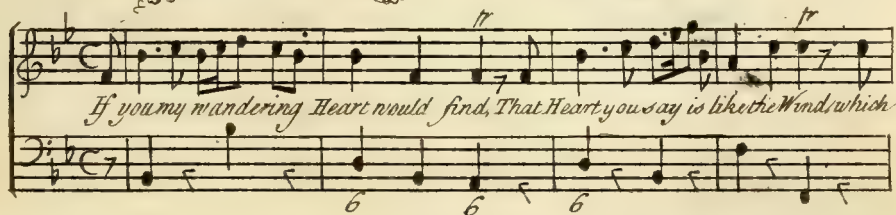
Some Change has Th happened in your ⁴ Heart, —
Some Rival there has stolen a Part —
Reason those Fears might disapprove —
But Oh! I fear because I love.

Flute

Handwritten musical score for Flute, measures 1-12. The music is in 3/4 time. It features various melodic lines with trills (tr) and slurs. Measure 12 ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Set by M^r Boyce

Common
time



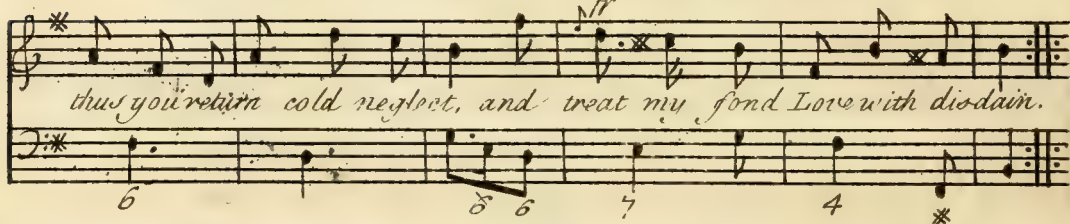
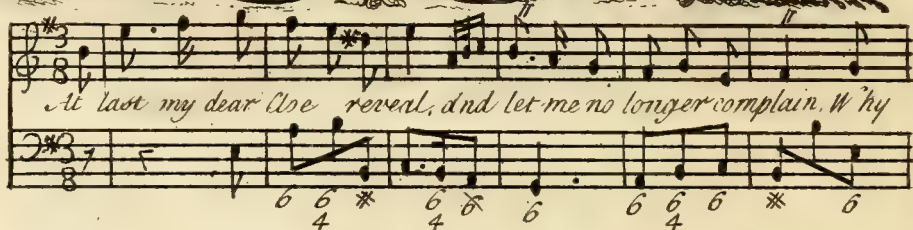
How can it settle when you fly,
And shun this faithful Volary?
A Nymph that's fair it oft doth find,
But never yet the Nymph who's kind.

If you would fix this wandering Heart,
Join it with yours, it will ne'er depart;
But in the Pangs of Death will prove,
It wander'd but to fix your Love.



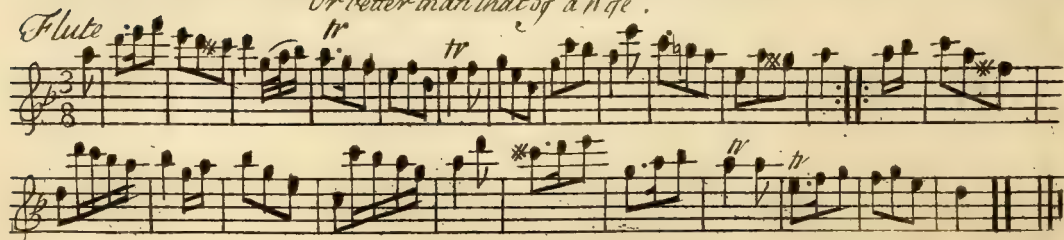
Set by M^r Barker.

Germ.
Flute



Observe the young Lilly so fair,
And Rose with it's fresh colour'd hue:
The Flower that the Morning brought forth
Must fall with the Evening dew.
Consent therefore make no delay,
But follow this Maxim in Life,
Naught's worse than the name of Old Maid,
Or better than that of a Wife.

Flute





Set by
H^r OSWALD.

Moderato

Germ.
Flute

ye Powers above who guard the Fair; May

tender Celia be your Care. May each fleet Hour to her be blest. Her Mind with no vain fear oppress.

Direct her to receive that Love which Heaven & She must needs approve For at Love's Shrine twas

there made known, My faithful Heart was her's alone, My faithful Heart was her's alone

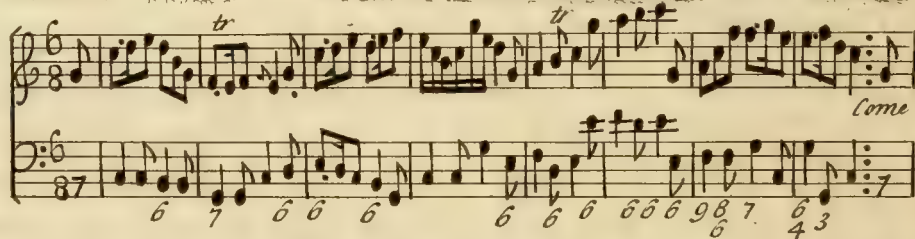
Haste then my beauteous fair to crown,
My Bliss and make my Joys your own:
Shun what obstructs the Fates Design,
In making you forever mine.

Let Love each rising Fear controul,
Divest each Care and calm your Soul:
Then mutual Bliss shall fill each Breast,
Till worn with Age we sink to rest.

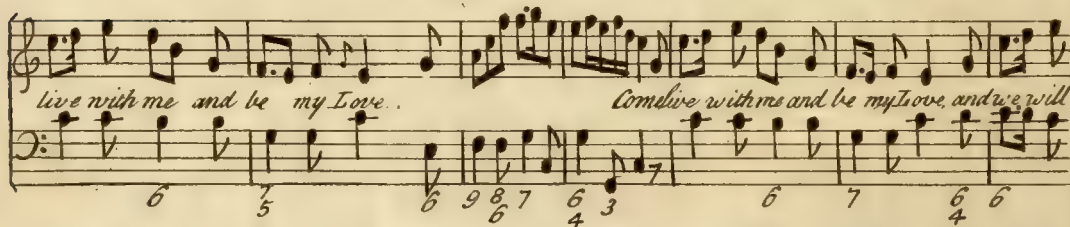
Flute



*Germ.
Flute*

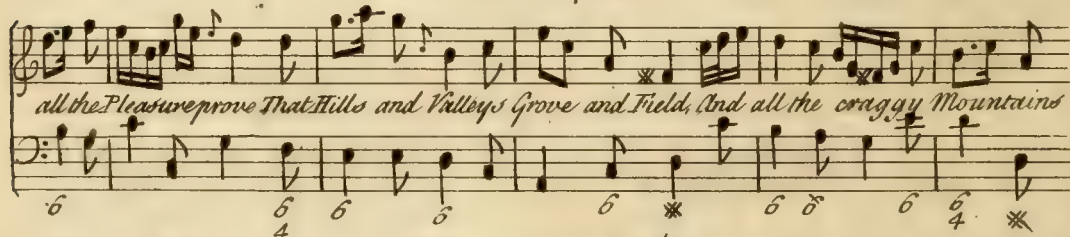


Come

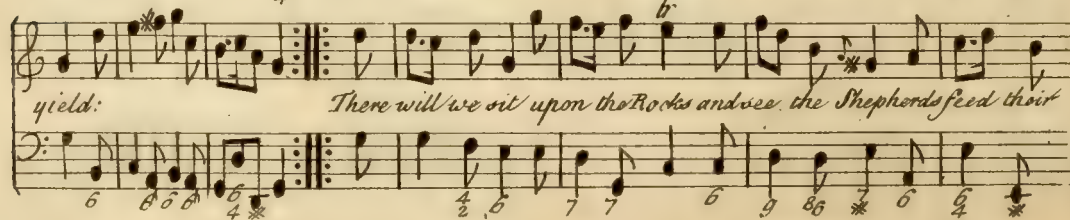


live with me and be my Love.

Come live with me and be my Love, and we will



all the Pleasure prove That Hills and Valleys Grove and Field, And all the craggy Mountains



yield:

There will we sit upon the Rocks and see the Shepherds feed their

Flocks By shallow Rivers to whose falls melodious Birds sing Madrigals melodious

Birds melodious Birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thy Bed of Roses,
 With a Thousand fragrant Posies;
 A Cap of Flowers and a Girdle,
 Surrounded all with Leaves of Myrtle;
 A Gown made of the finest Wool,
 Which from our pretty Flocks we pull.
 And fair lined Slippers for the Cold,
 Adorn'd with Needlework of Gold.

A Belt of Straw and Ivy Buds,
 With Coral Clasps and Amber Studs;
 And if these Pleasures thee may move,
 Then Live with me and be my Love:
 The Nymphs and Swains shall dance ^{sing} ^{ok}
 For thy Delight each May morning,
 And if these things thy Mind approve,
 Then Live with me and be my Love.

Flute

Set, by ²⁰M^r Vincent

Brisk

Stephen Why that clou- dy Forehead, Why so vainly crook those

Arms? Silly Swain thy Aspect horrid, Rather frightens Her, than charms.

Rouse each dull and drooping Spirit, Fling away thy Myrtle Wreath.

Bumpers large of generous Claret, Makes thee Love and Raptures breath.

Sacrifice this Juice prolific,

To each Letter of her Name;

Bacchus deem'd it a Specifick

Why not Mortals do the same?

See the high charg'd Goblet smiling,

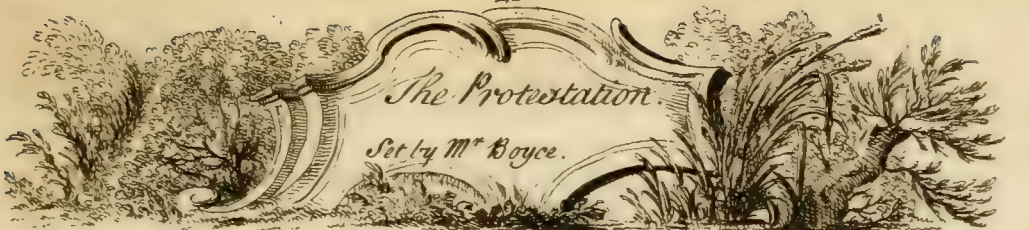
Bids thee Stephen drink and prove;

Wine's the Liquor most beguiling,

Wine's the Weapon conquers Love.

Flute

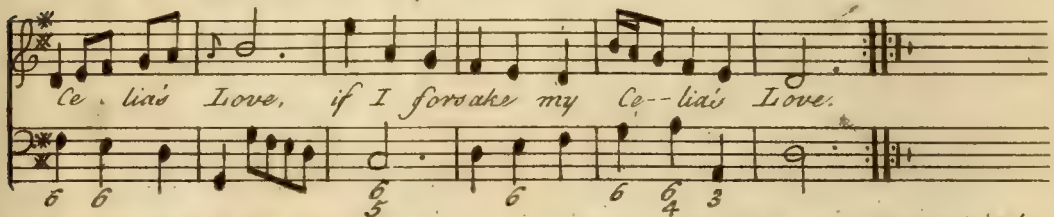
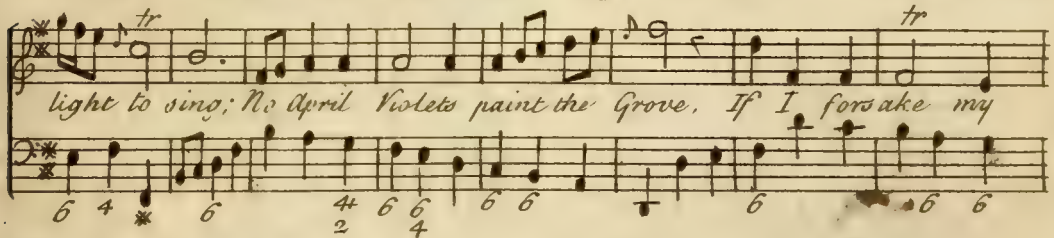
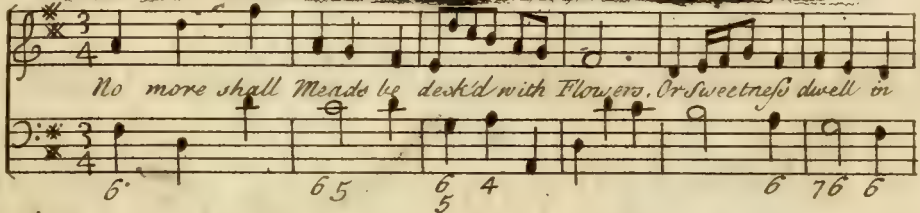
Germ. Flute



The Protestation.

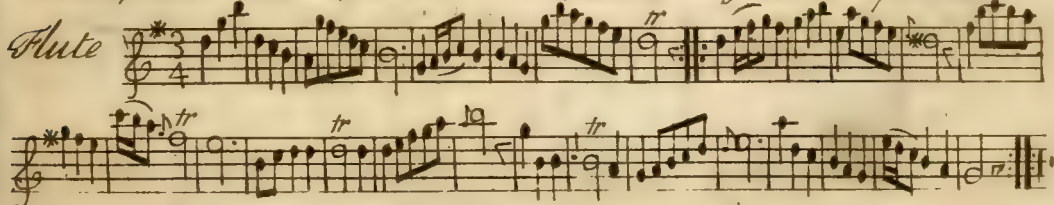
Set by M^r Boyce.

*Germ.
Flute*



The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,
And the sweet Mountains bitter turn:
The humble Vale no Flood shall know,
When Floods the highest Hills overflow:
The Graves shall all Oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive. If e'er &c.

Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by,
And Venus Doves want Wings to fly,
The Sun refuse to shew his light,
And Day be alter'd into Night;
And in that Night no Star appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear. If e'er &c.



Sung by M^r Low.Germ
Flute

While some for Pleasure waste their Health, Tween Playhouse

and the Bagnio I'll save my self, and without stealth, love and care's my Nanny O:

She bids more fair t'ingage a Love, than I, eda did or Danae O, Were

I to paint the Queen of Love, None else should sit but Nanny O.

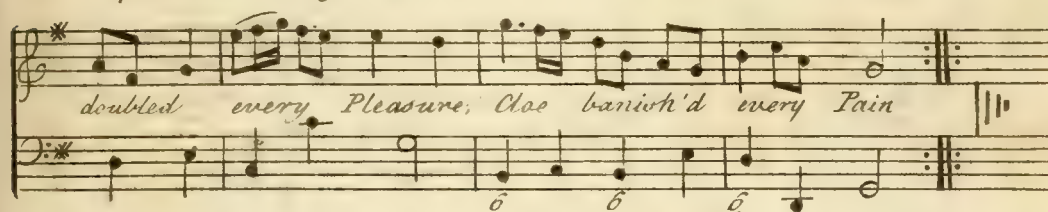
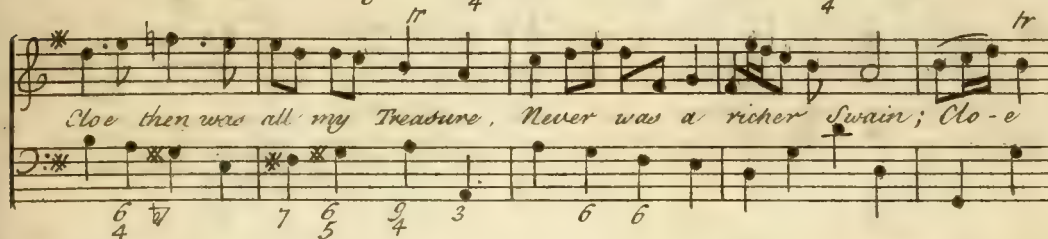
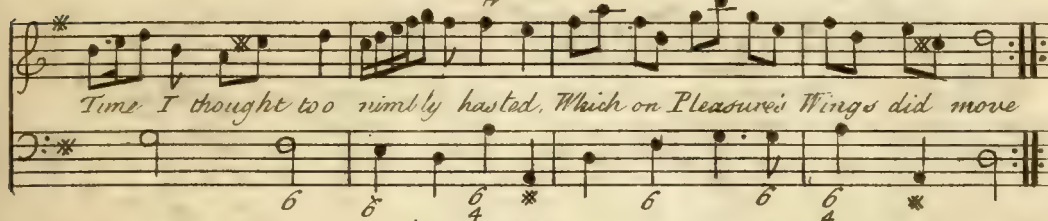
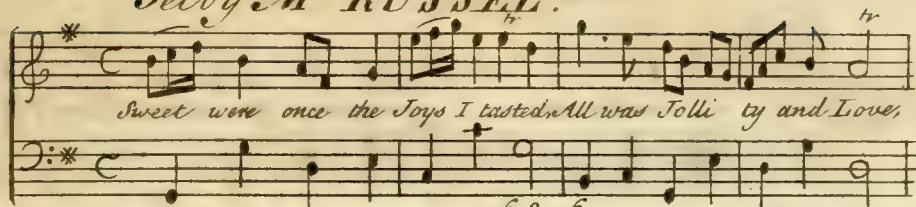
(Chorus)
My bonny, bonny Nanny O,
My lovely charming Nanny O:
I care not tho' the World should know,
How dearly I love Nanny O.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
When dancing She moves finely O
What Joys I promise from her Eyes,
Which sparkle so divinely O:

I enus attend my Vows, while I
Breathe in the blest Britannio;
None's happiness I shall envy,
As long as I have Nanny O.

Flute

(Chorus)

Set by M^R RUSSEL.Germ
Flute

But the cruel Fates repining
 Is much Bliss on Earth to see;
 Soon their opposition joining,
 Dash'd my Cup with Jealousy:
 Now where erst my Pipe resounded,
 Steals the Sigh and heart-felt Groan:
 Love, by fears and doubt surrounded,
 Ill disputes a tottering Throne.

Foot who ever art persuing,
 What conceal'd is ever best.
 Jealousy, the worst of Ruin
 Leave O leave my tortured Breast.
 With the Slave, thy Power confessing
 Do thou Venus mildly deal
 Those who humor slight thy Blessing
 Should alone thy Terrors feel.

Flute



Flora

Set by M^r

Howard

Handwritten musical score for the song "See Flora how the new blown Rose Blooms like thy beauteous Face, youth". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is written on the bottom staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 7, 6, 6, 6).

See Flora how the new blown Rose Blooms like thy beauteous Face, youth

Handwritten musical score for "The Virgin's Song" by Thomas Augustine Arne. The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with various ornaments (trills, mordents, grace notes) and a repeat sign. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a bass line with various ornaments and a repeat sign. The lyrics are written between the staves: "does it's ripening Charms disclose; And perfects every Grace. Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, And".

then its Pride decays, So will it be with thee my Fair, When past thy youthful Days.

No April can revive thy Charms,
No Sun can light thine Eyes;
Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
When Age begins to rise:

Then Flora let my Passion move,
Your Pity for my Pain;
Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
Love, and beloved again.

Flute

Handwritten musical score for Flute, measures 1-8. The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, with various trills (tr) and slurs. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

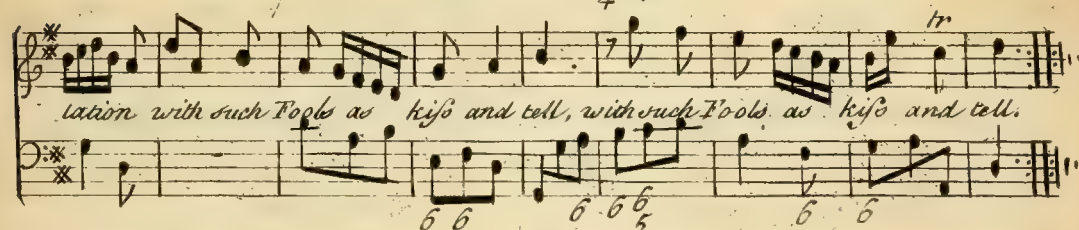
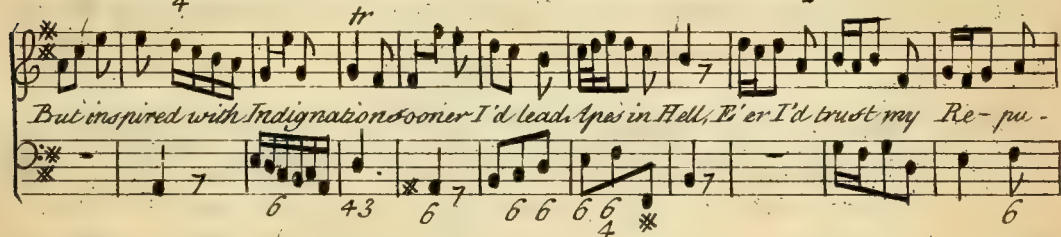
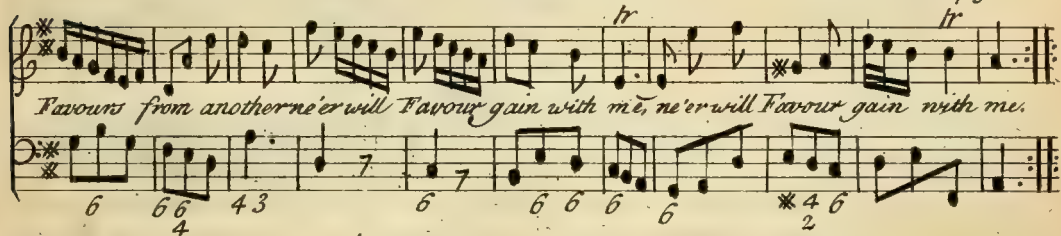
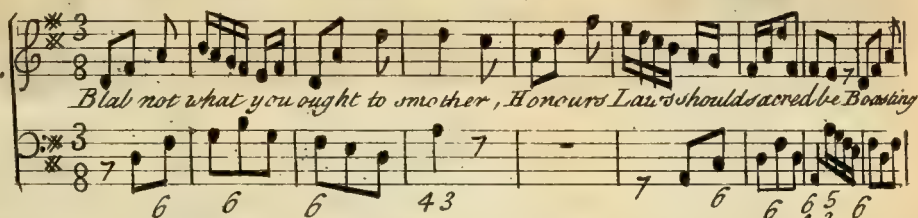
Germ.
Flute

Handwritten musical score for Flute, labeled "Germ." and "Flute". The score consists of two staves. The first staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The second staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a common time signature (C). The melody continues on this staff. Both staves end with a double bar line and repeat dots. There are some markings above the notes, possibly indicating trills or ornaments, labeled "tr".

The Telltale

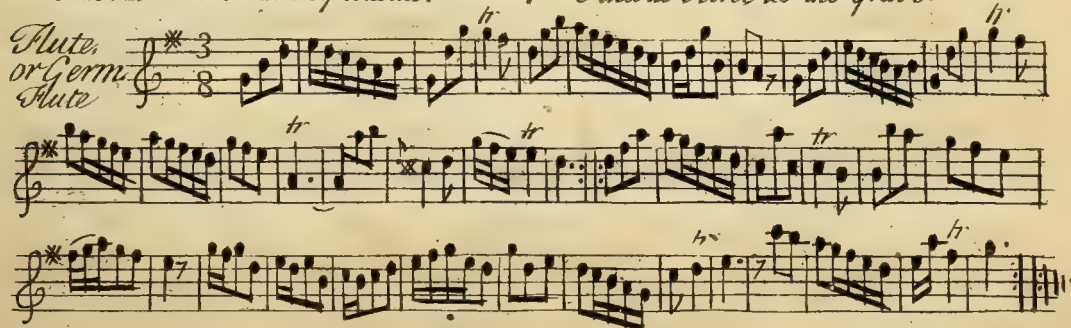
Set by M^r Carey

GERM.
FLUTE.



He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal;
He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,
Cautious should his Joy conceal;
Cautious should his Joy conceal.

He with whom my Heart I'll venture,
Shall my Flame from Censure save;
One where Truth and Wisdom centre,
And as secret as the Grave,
And as secret as the Grave.





Stella and Flavia every Hour, Do various Hearts sur

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

prise In Stella's Soul is all her Power And Flavia's in her

7 7 7 6 6 6 6 6 6

Eyes, In Stella's Soul is all her Power And Flavia's

4 2 6 6 4

in her Eyes. More boundless Flavia's Conquests are And

3 4 6 6 6

Stella's more confined, All can discern a Face that's fair, But

6 6 6 5 6 5 4 2 6 6 6 4 3 6 5

few a Heavenly Mind

6 4 6 5 4

Stella like Britain's Monarch reigns, Then boast fair Flavia boast thy Face,
 O'er cultivated Lands: Thy Beauties only Store;
 Like Eastern Tyrants Flavia deigns, Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease,
 To rule o'er barren Sands. Will give to Stella more.

FLUTE

Germ
 Flute

Set by
M^r Howard

GERM.
FLUTE.

Flow

Too plain dear Youth my telltale Eyes A willing Heart declare, But
for Love's sake let it suffice You reign triumphant there, Forbear your utmost
Power to try, Nor farther urge your Sway, Press not for what I must deny for
Fear I should obey, For Fear I should o-bey.

Resolve not then to do an Ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather interpose your Skill,
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my Virtue's Guard;
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a Task for me too hard
To strive with Love and You.

Flute



Lively

Guardian Angels now protect me, Send to me the Man I love; Cupid with thy

Bow defend me, Help me all ye Powers above. Bear my Sighs ye gentle Breezes Tell my Love how

I despair, Tell him that I grieve, 'tis for him I live, O may he still prove sincere.

Through the shady Grove I'll wander,
 Silent as the Bird of Night;
 Near the Brink of yonder Fountain,
 First I leander blest I my Sight;
 Witness Groves and Falls of Water,
 Ecchos tell the Vows he swore.
 Can he me forget, will he me neglect,
 Shall I never see him more?

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a Nymph more fair;
 If 'tis so I'll wear the Willow,
 And esteem the happy Pair;
 Lonely shades I'll make my Dwelling,
 Nor the Cares of Life pursue;
 Lark and Philomel Both shall hear me tell,
 Why I bid the World Adieu.

Flute

Germ. Flute

30
Set by M^r Lamp.

GERALD
FLUTE

I wish and long for that which I By Custom forced must

needs deny By Custom forced must needs deny, How hard's a Virgins Fate.

To frown Alexis I am bid, And if I smile am snub'd and chid, And

if I smile am snub'd and chid, Who'd live at such a Rate?

*Since the prevailing Powers above,
And Cupid the kind God of Love
And Cupid &c
Decreed us for each other:
Let Hymen light his Torch, I dare
Be thine without a Blush, or Fear
Be thine &c
To imitate my Mother.*

FLUTE

31
SET BY M^{rs} CAREY.

Lively

Germ:
Flute.)

Is there a Charm ye Powers above, To ease a wounded Breast; Thro

Reason's Glafs to look at Love, To long and yet to rest? Let Wisdom boast, 'Tis all in

vain, An Empire o'er the Mind, 'Tis conquering Beauty holds the Chain, And

triumphs o'er Man- - - kind And triumphs o'er Mankind.

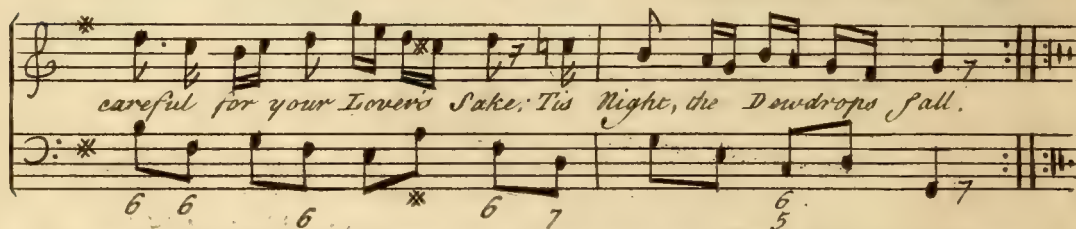
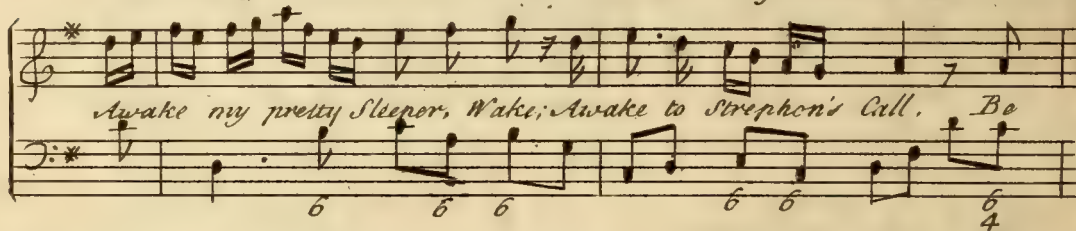
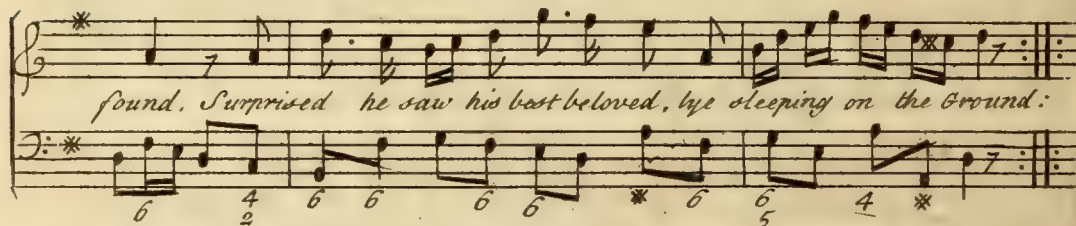
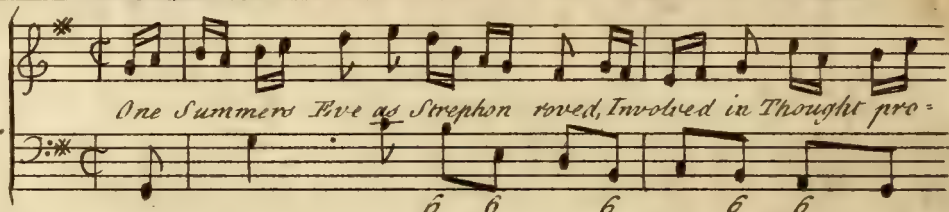
Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray,
Unartfull Notes prolong;
Your feather'd Mates reward the Lay,
And yield to Powerfull Song.
By Nature fierce, without Controul
We wild and savage ran;
Till Love refined the stubborn Soul,
And civilized the Man,

And civilized ev

Flute



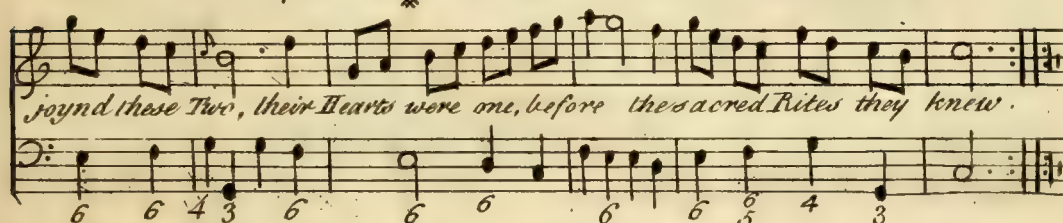
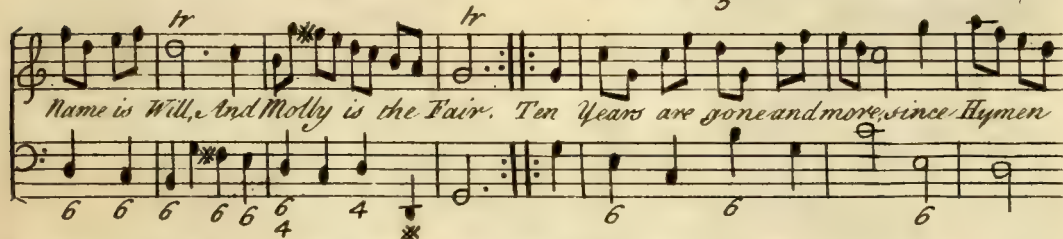
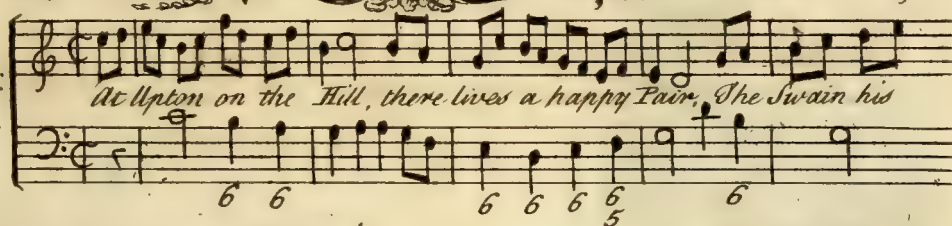
GERM:
FLUTE.



Then to her Cheek his Lips he laid,
And gently stole a Kiss;
She still slept on, he not dismay'd,
Repeats the Transient Bliss.
She wakes, and thus with angry Tone
Away, away she cries;
And scolding, bids the Swain be gone,
Then sigh'd, and clos'd her Eyes.

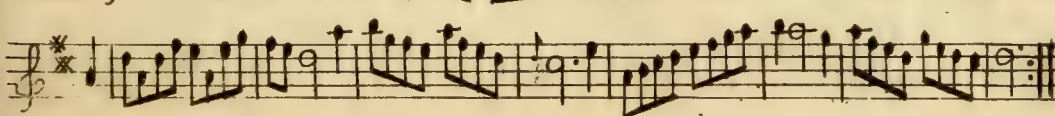
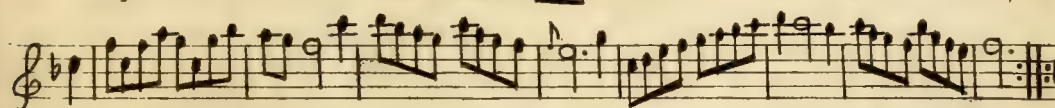
The cruel were the Words; He thought,
Can Sighs proceed from Hate?
My Doubts are gone, then down he sat,
Resolv'd to share her Fate.
Defended from the noxious Air,
Within his Arms she lay;
And tho the Swain oft wak'd the Fair,
She said no more till Day.



Germ.
Flute.

Since which auspicious Day,
Sweet Harmony does reign;
Both love and both obey,
Hear this each Nymph and Swain.
If worldly Cares invade,
As who is free from Care,
The Weight is lighter made
By taking each a Share.

Pleased with a calm Retreat,
They've no ambitious View;
In Plenty live, not State,
Nor envy those that do.
May still a steady Gale
Their little Bark attend,
And gently fill each Sail,
Till Life itself shall end.



most obliging Shade; where on an easy Moss reclined, I

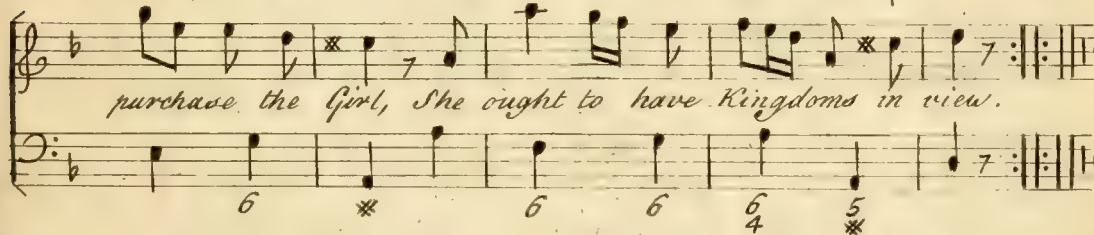
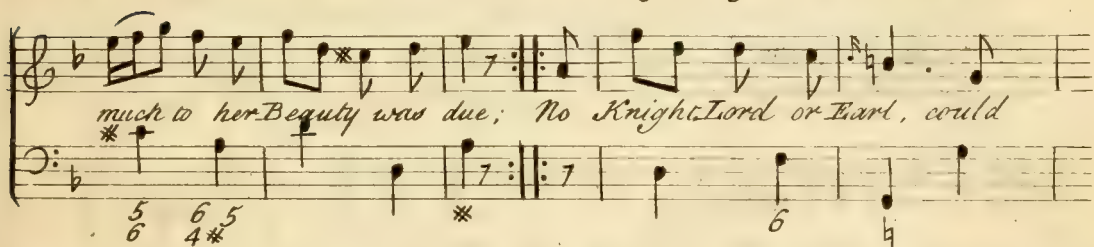
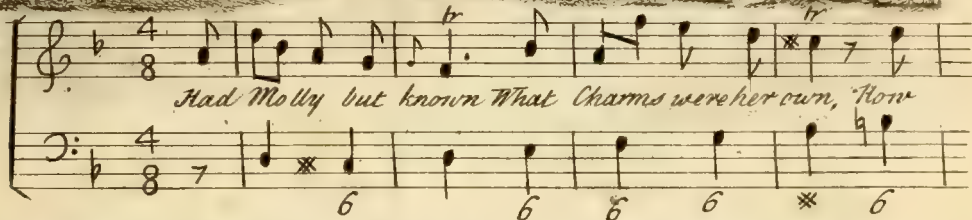
Cloe sleeping chanced to find.

The Trees ambitious seem'd to be,
With meeting Arms her Canopy,
A Brook hard by did softly creep;
As if it fear'd to break her Sleep. As if &c.
Whose Streams transparent smooth & clear,
Of her chaste Mind the Emblems were.

*A Sight so charming that the Sun,
Might stop a while to gaze upon.
Down by the Nymph my self I lay'd,
And did at length my self perwade, And &
To steal a Kiss & win the Gloves,
And who my boldness disapproves?*

Handwritten musical score for Flute, measures 1-4. The music is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo marking 'Allegro' is written below the first staff. The word 'Flute.' is written above the second staff. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and trills marked with 'tr'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

She
Je-ne-scai-quoi



*But void of all thought,
Of Charms that she brought,
She try'd those of plain honest John;
By the amorous Boy,
With Je-ne-scai-quoi,
In the lucky Minute she's won.*



Set by
M^r Lamp.

Germ
Flute

The Parent Bird whose liad Nest is by its tender Young posset; With

spreading Wings and downy Breast, Does cherish them with Love: But soon as

Nature plumes their Wings And guides their Flight to Groves and Springs, Quite uncon-

cerned the Parent sings, Regardless where they rove, Regardless where they rove.

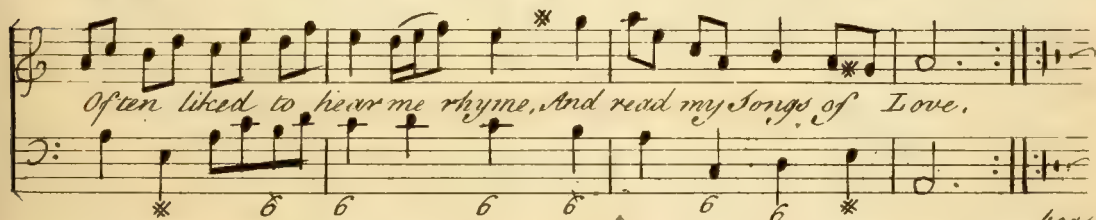
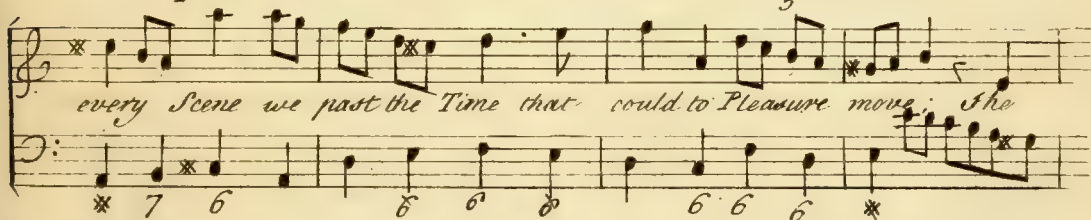
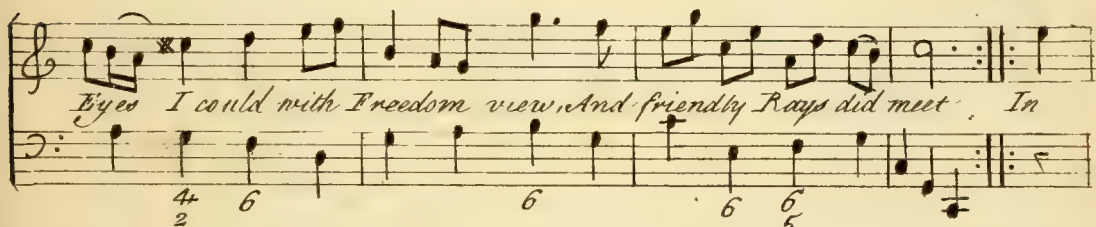
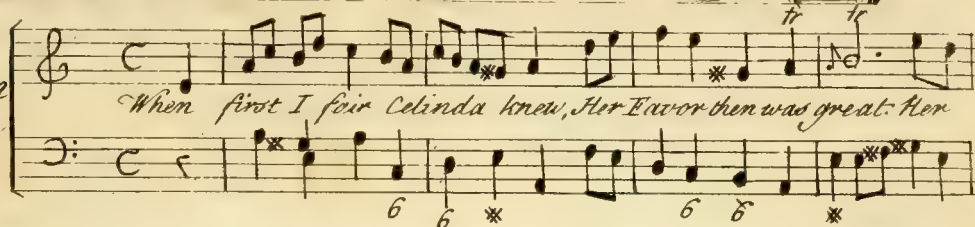
While hapless we of human race,
The lasting Cares of Life embrace;
And still our best Affection place,
On what procures us Pain.

The Children as their Years increase,
Increase our Fear & spoil our Peace;
Paternal Love will never cease,
But ever will remain.

Flute

THE
SIMPLE POET.

Germ
Flute



At length my Licence grew too bold,
Prest by poetic flame;
And when my Passion I had told;
She loath'd the Poet's Name.

Thus I who could her Friendship
And did her Love pursue;
Am taught Subjection at the Cost,
Of Love and Friendship too.



A New Gavott.

Brisk

Germ.
Flute.

It is not the Charms of Beauty, Which I

6

6

7

6

5

6

6

purpose to proclaim; We a while will leave that

6

6

6

6

Du-ty, For a more prevailing Theme.

6

6

6

4

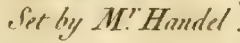
If you'd court the Joy won't leave you,
 Pay your Dues at Bacchus's Shrine;
 Other Pleasures will deceive you,
 Truth is only found in Wine.

Let the puny sneaking Lover,
 Bow to Cupid like a Fool;
 Just Experience will discover,
 He's no more than Woman's Tool.

Bring more Wine, then charge the Glasses,
 Let them flow with generous Red;
 Drown a thousand loving Ages,
 Then in Triumph march to Bed.

Flute.

Germ.
Flute.



GERM. : *While I fondly view the Charmer, Thus the God of Love I sue,
Gentle, loud Pray disarm her; Cupid if you love me, Do.*

FLUTE.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 # 6 *

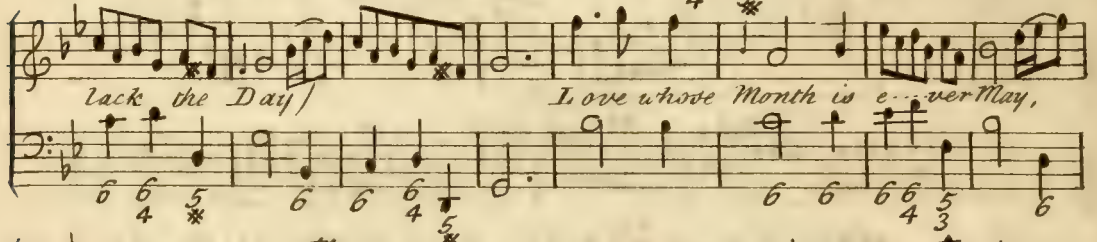
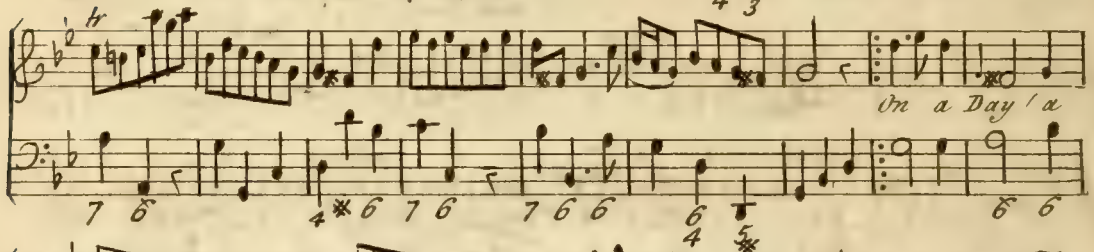
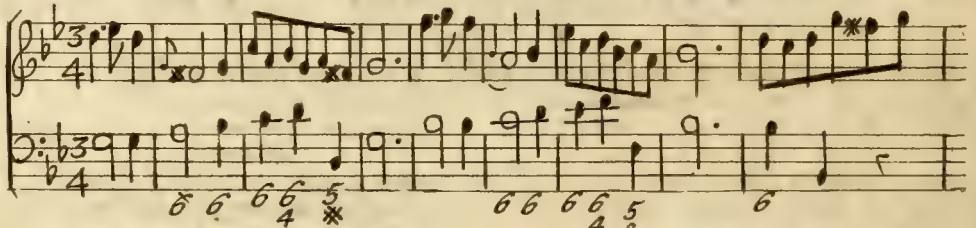
Of a thousand Charms bereave her, Rob her Breast, her Neck, her Eyes.

The Remainder yet will leave her Power enough to tyrannize.

Handwritten musical score for three staves. The top staff is labeled "Flute" in a decorative script. The music is in 3/8 time, key of B-flat major, and consists of a single melodic line. The notation includes various ornaments, slurs, and repeat signs.



*Germ
Flute*



wanton Air:

Through the Wet I leaves the

6 4 * 6 6 6 4 * b b b 6

5 tr

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of musical notation. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'wanton Air:' and 'Through the Wet I leaves the' are written below the staves. Below the bass staff, there are fingerings (6, 4, *, 6, 6, 6, 4, *) and a trill (tr) marked over the final note.

Wind, All unseen'gan Passage find That the Lover sick to Death

6 6 6 6 6 6 4

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The lyrics 'Wind, All unseen'gan Passage find That the Lover sick to Death' are written below the staves. Below the bass staff, there are fingerings (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4).

Wish'd himself the Heaven's Breath.

7 6 7 6 6 6 7 6 6 4

5

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The lyrics 'Wish'd himself the Heaven's Breath.' are written below the staves. Below the bass staff, there are fingerings (7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 4) and a trill (tr) marked over the final note.

Air quoth he thy Cheeks may blow;
Air would I might triumph so!
But alack my Hand is sworn,
Nèer to pluck thee from thy Thorn:
Vow alack for Youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a Sweet.
Vow alack &c.

Do not call it Sin in me,
That I am sworn for thee;
Thou, for whom e'en Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning Mortal for thy Love,
And deny &c.

Flute

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the Flute part. It is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The notation includes various musical symbols such as trills (tr), slurs, and dynamic markings (p, f). The lyrics from the previous block are written below the staff.

Set by M^r Worgan.

Gentle

Germ. Flute

Farewell ye Flocke my tender Care, Your bleating Sounds have

I'll d mine Ear. No longer can I with you stay; For

Love commands me far away.

6 43 6 6 6 6 6

tr

6 6 6 7 6 7 4/2 6

4/2 6 6 4 3

Farewell ye Swains & rural Ease *Farewell to ev'ry Thing but Love,*
Your sweet Amusement still might please *The purling Streams & shady Grove:*
Could I with him enjoy the Day, *The warbling Birds & chearfull May.*
Whose Love Commands me far away. *Come Love and take me far away.*

Flute

German Flute

tr

tr

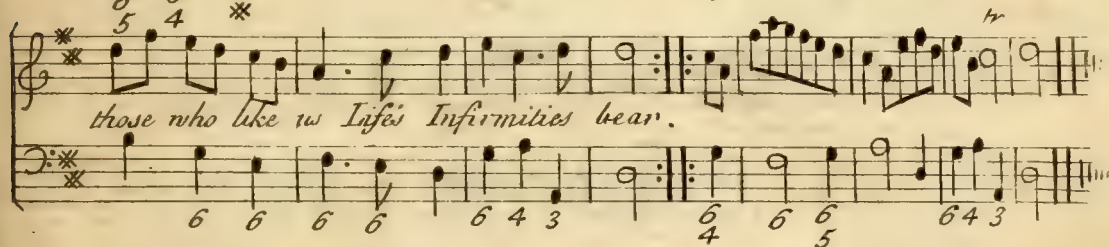
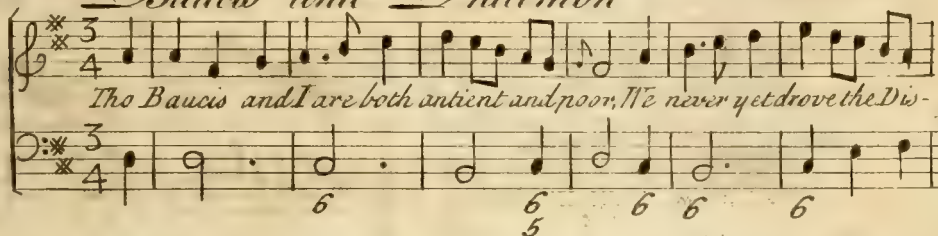
tr

tr



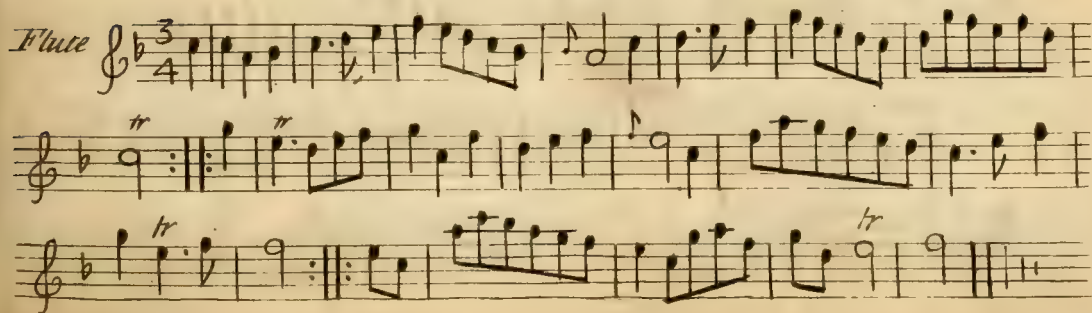
Baucis and Philemon

Germ.
Flute.



Wine come my good Friends let us go in together, You're welcome at our humble Board to partake
A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather. Of a Jugg of good Ale & a good Barley Cake:
Our Hearts they are great tho' our Means are but small. A good roasting Fire as high as your Horse,
You're heartily welcome & that's best of all. And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose.

We know no Ambition we have no Estate,
No Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate:
We earn what we spend & we pay as we go,
It were not amiss if the Rich would do so.





SUNG BY
M^r. LOWE

Germ.
Flute.

Can Love be controul'd by Advice, Can Madness and Reason agree, O Molly who'd ever be wise, If Madness is loving of Thee? Let
Sages pretend to despise, The Joys they want Spirit to taste, Let
me seize Old Time as he flies And the Blessings of Life while they last.

6 6 4 3 6 6 5 6 6
6 7 # 6 6 6 6 6
6 6 6 4 3

Dull Wisdom but adds to our Care,
Brisk Love will improve ev'ry Joy;
Too soon we may meet with grey Hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.

Then Molly, for what should we stay?
Till our Blood it begins to run cold;
Our Youth we can have but to Day,
We may always find Time to grow Old.

Flute

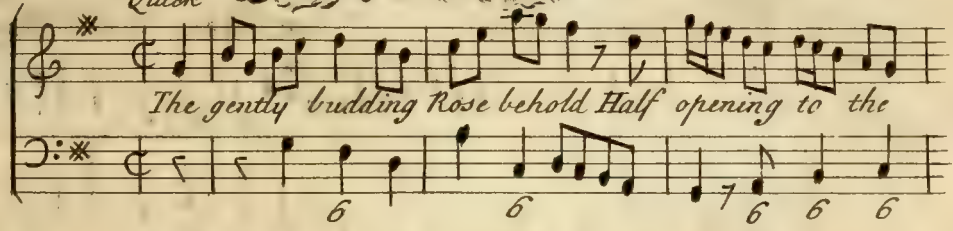
6 6 6 4 3

Set by
(The Barker.)

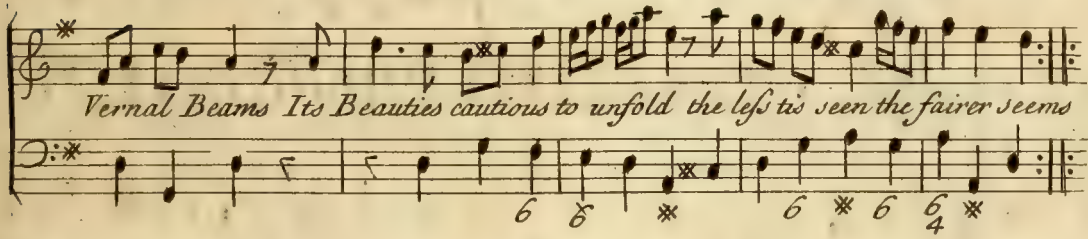
Quick

Germ.
Flute.

The gently budding Rose behold Half opening to the



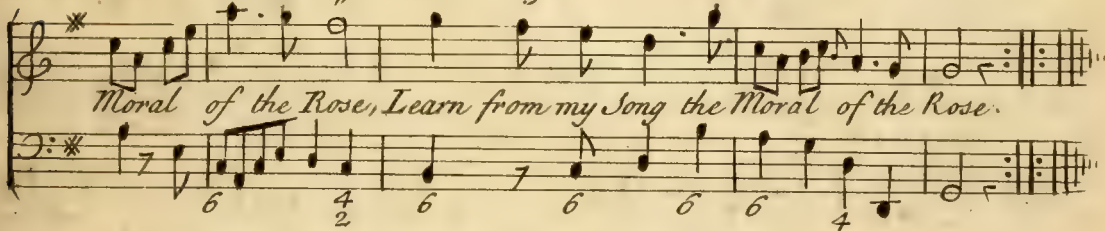
Vernal Beams Its Beauties cautious to unfold the left tis seen the fairer seems



Ye flattered Maids besieged by empty Beaus, Learn from my Song the

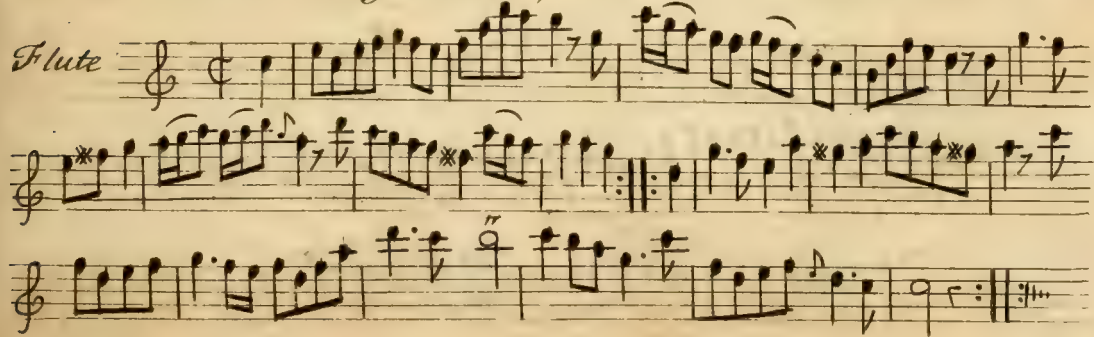


Moral of the Rose, Learn from my Song the Moral of the Rose.



And as tho' guarded round with Thorns,
Time strips the useless unpluck'd Flower;
Which near the Lovers Breast adorns,
Or e'er bedecks the bridal Bower.
When Maiden Aunts their sage Advice propose,
Learn, from my Song, the Moral of the Rose.

Flute

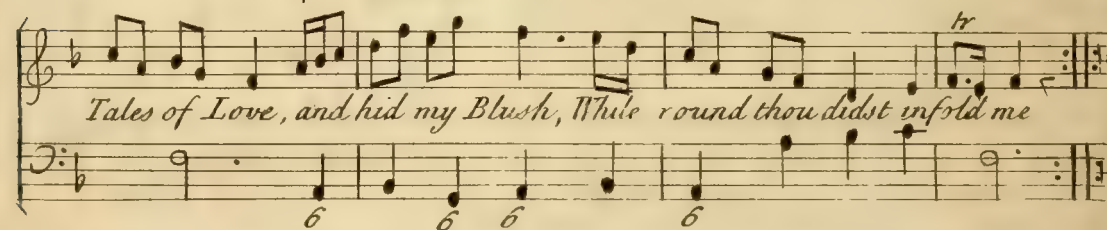
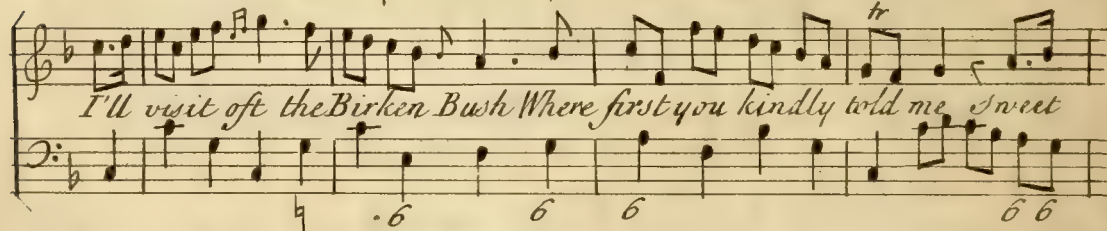
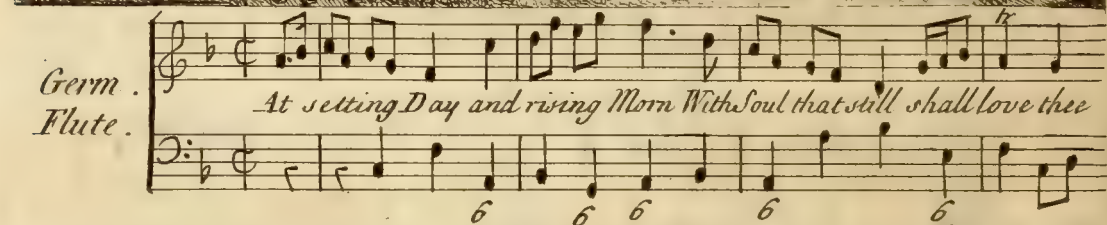




*The
Faithfull
Shepherds.*

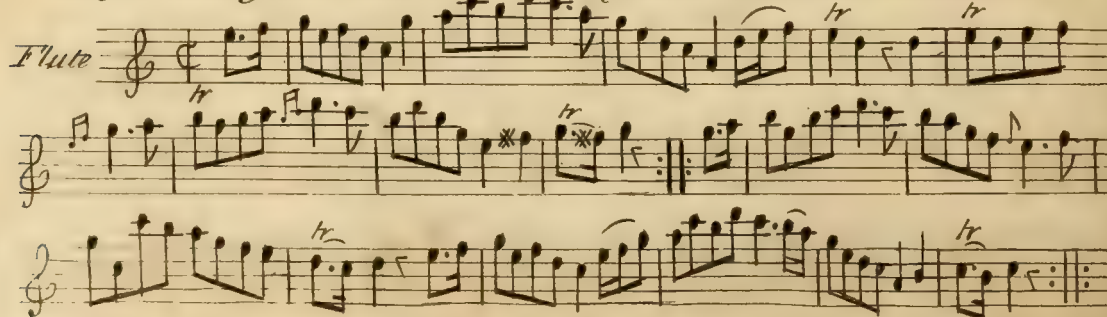
*Germ.
Flute.*

At setting Day and rising Morn With Soul that still shall love thee



*To all our our Haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood, shaw, or Fountain;
Or where the Summer Day I'd share,
With you upon yon Mountain.*

*There will I tell the Trees & Flowers,
With Thoughts unfeign'd & tender,
By Fows you're, mine, by Love is yours
My Heart, which cannot wander.*



THE HAPPY MAN.

Germ Flute

First system of musical notation for 'The Happy Man'. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The melody is written on a single staff. Below the staff, there are lyrics: 'I envy not Sir Courtly Nice, I secure from Pomp and free from Vice I pass my Days with'. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, and #. There is a trill (tr) above the first measure.

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues with lyrics: 'Ease I pass my Days with Ease, The Man who seems to be a Knave and cannot be a swining Slave, has'. Fingerings include 6, #, 6, 4, #, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, and 6. There is a trill (tr) above the first measure.

Third system of musical notation. The melody continues with lyrics: 'but himself to please, has but himself to please... se, has but himself to'. Fingerings include 6, 5, 4, 6, 6, 4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, and 5. There are trills (tr) above the first and third measures.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with lyrics: 'please, the Man who seems to be a Knave and cannot be a swining Slave, has'. Fingerings include 6, 5, 4, 6, 6, 4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, and 5. There are trills (tr) above the first and third measures.

Fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues with lyrics: 'but himself to please, has but himself to please, has but himself to please'. The tempo marking 'Slow' is written above the staff. Fingerings include 6, 5, 4, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, and 6. There are trills (tr) above the first and third measures.

The World with all its glittering Toys,
Is Hurry, empty Show and Noise
While in a Crowd we live.

Thank Heaven I share a better Fate,
And can enjoy in humble State
The sweets that Quiet give.

FLUTE

Flute solo section of the musical score. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The melody is written on a single staff. The tempo marking 'Slow' is written below the staff. There are trills (tr) above the first and third measures.

50
The Subscription Song.

Set by M. Arne.

And sung at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

*Germ.
Flute.*

The musical score is written for a German Flute and voice. It consists of ten systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the flute and a bass clef staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. There are also some numerical figures (6, 7, 4, 3, 2) written below the voice staff, which are likely figured bass notation. The lyrics are as follows:

*To the Words that I sing, fellow Subjects attend, Be-
lieve them for truth, and the Thoughts of a Friend; As long as ye wisely and jointly agree, none
can be so happy, so happy, so happy, none can be so happy, since none are so free: none
can be so happy, so happy, so happy, none can be so happy, Since none are so free.
To fill a Subscription then cheerfully join, that is raised in Defense of the Protestant
Line, that is raised in Defense of the Protestant Line.*

To fill a Subscription, then cheerfully join, that is raised in Defense of the Protestant
Line, that is raised in Defense of the Protestant Line.

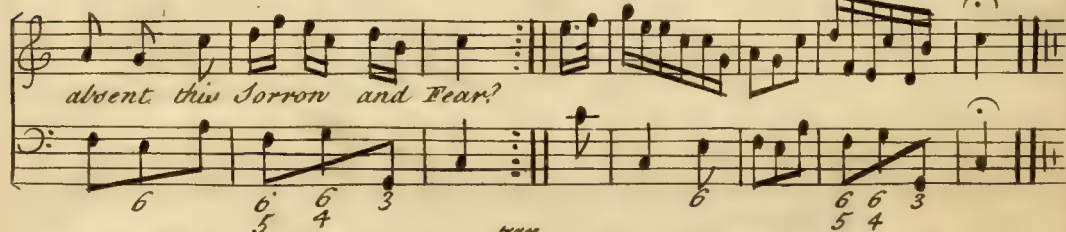
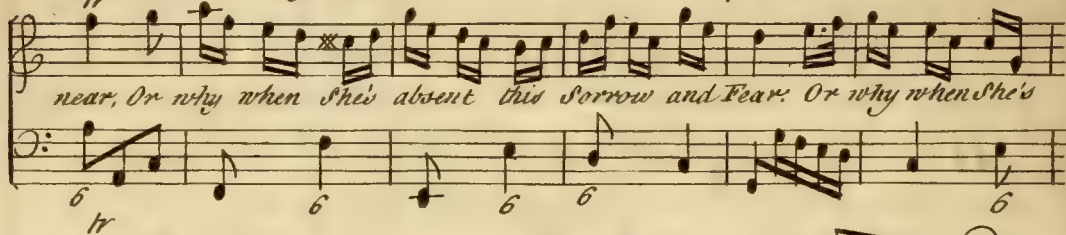
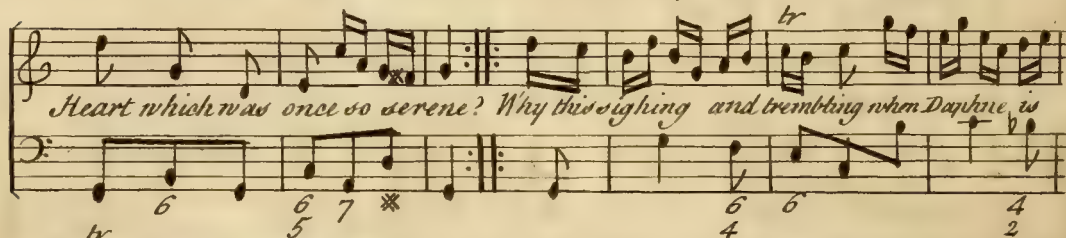
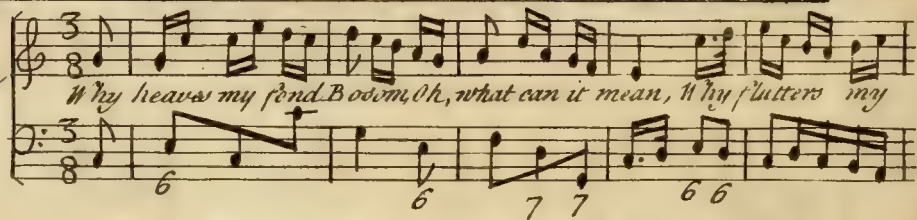
*By Subscription so strengthened, despise every Slight, Will not be obliged after Fryers to dandle,
 None can do ye wrong, while ye do your selves Right, To be curst when they please, by their Bell, Book, & Candle;
 As long as great George is your mighty Defender, But Britons repugnant to papal Submission,
 Regard not the Devil's Pope, or Pretender: Shall laugh at proud Rome and her damnd Inquisition.
 But let us subscribe, & most cheerfully join, Without any Restraine, then most cheerfully join,
 To assist our good King, & the Protestant Line. In the Cause of your King, & the protestant Line.*

*Tis George that we honour, for George we subscribe,
 And Ill warrant we scatter the Tabor and Tribe:
 The Duke shall disperse every Object of Fear,
 And drive them to Rome-We've no Room for em here.
 Fill up your Subscriptions for Times on the wing,
 And let each loyal Subject say, God save the King.*

Flute



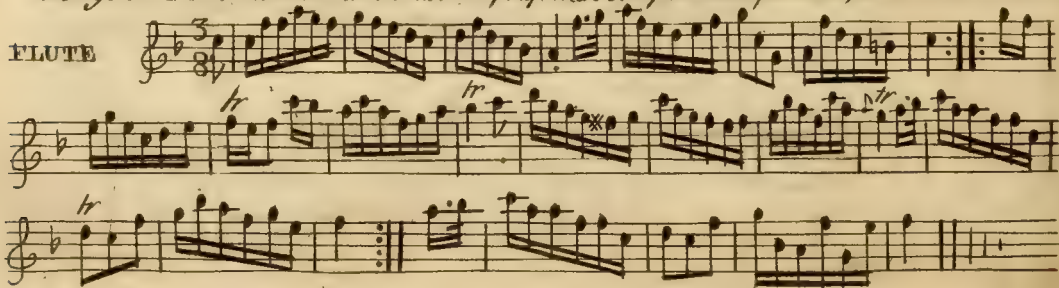
German
Flute



For ever methinks I with wonder could
The thousand soft Charms that embellish
Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find,
With thy Face I am charmd but involv'd by thy

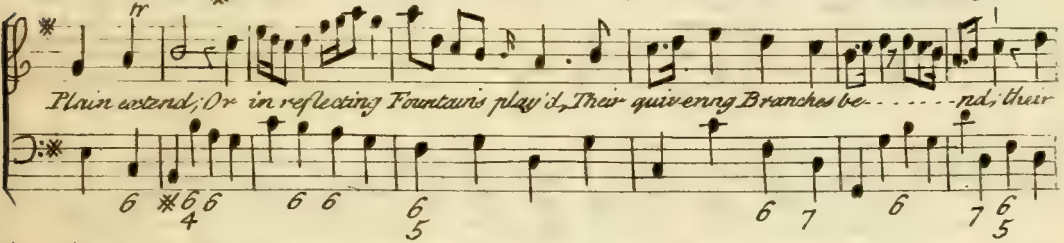
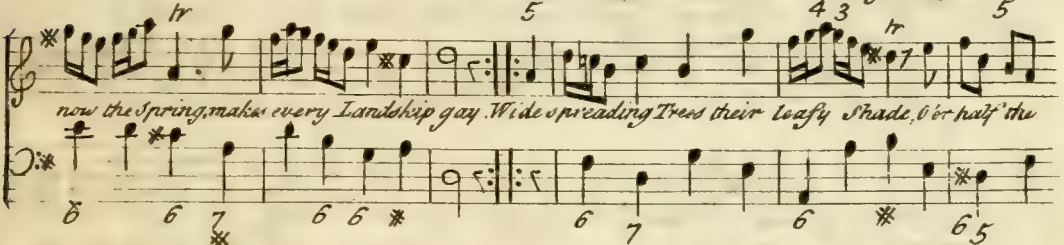
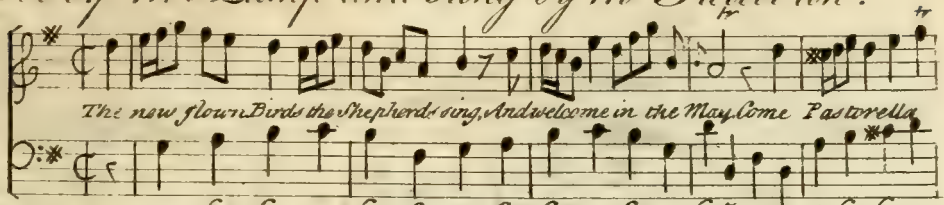
Unstain'd with Folly, unsullied by Pride,
There native good Humour, & Virtue reside:
Pray Heaven that Virtue, thy Soul may supply,
With Compassion for him, who without thee mis

FLUTE



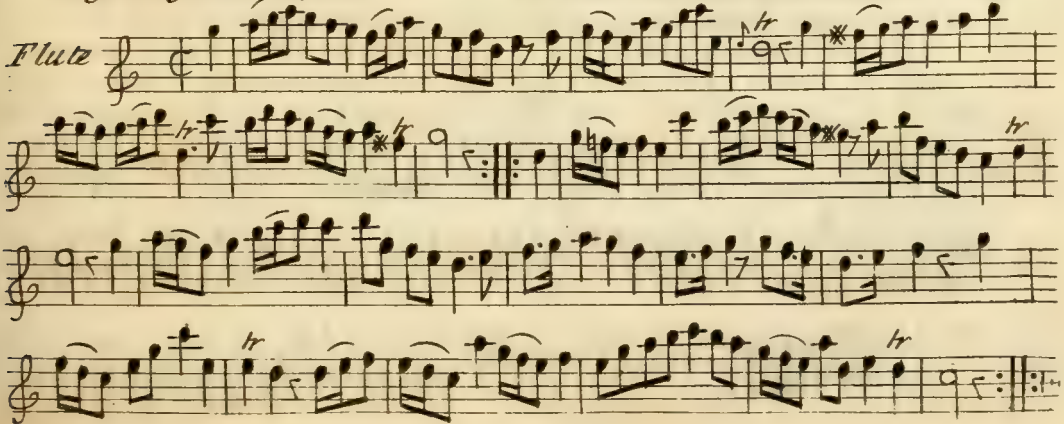
Set by Mr Lamp and sung by Mr Sullivan.

German
Flute



Come trye the Season in it's Prime,
And bless the rising Year;
Oh! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
Till You my Love appear.

Then shall I pass the gladsome Day,
Warm in thy Beauty's shine;
When thy dear Flocks shall feed & play,
And intermix with mine.



The Lass of the Hill.

Set by Mr Howard. tr

Germ Flute

at the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwells Who the Pangs of Illusion or Love had never felt; A

few sober Maxims still run in Her Head That 'twas better to earn 'er she eat Her brown Bread

That to rise with the Lark was conducive to Health, and to Folks in a Cottage Contentment was Health.

Young Roger who lived in the Valley below,
Who at Church and at Market was reckond a Beau;
Would oftentimes try 'er Her Heart to prevail,
And rest on his Pitchfork to tell Her his Tale;
That n^r Ease his Addresses soon gain'd on Her Heart,
Being little's herself, She suspected no Art

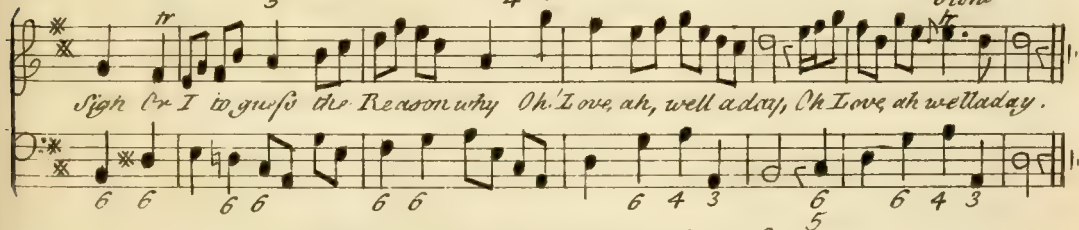
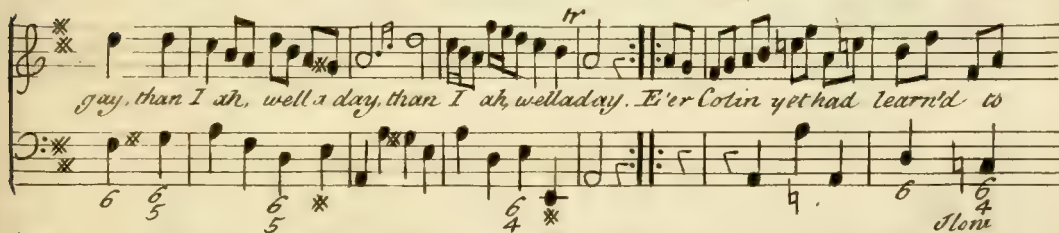
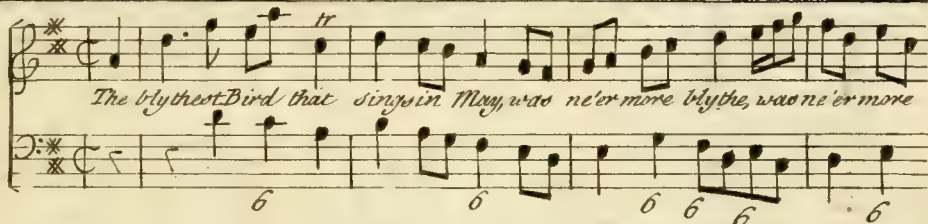
But as soon as he melted the Ice in Her Breast,
From that very Moment his Passion decreas'd;
And now he goes planting all over the vale,
And boasts of his Conquest to Richard and Hall.
Tho he sees Her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And when 'er he speaks of Her, makes Her his Jest

Take heed therefore Maidens of Britain's gay Isle,
How you venture your Hearts for a Look or a Smile;
For young Cupid is artfull, and Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale;
Who to court you and tempt you will try all his Skill,
But remember the Lass at the Brow of the Hill

Flute



Germ
Flute



Can Love alas, by Words be shown?

He ask'd a Proof, a tender One.

While I, ah, welladay.

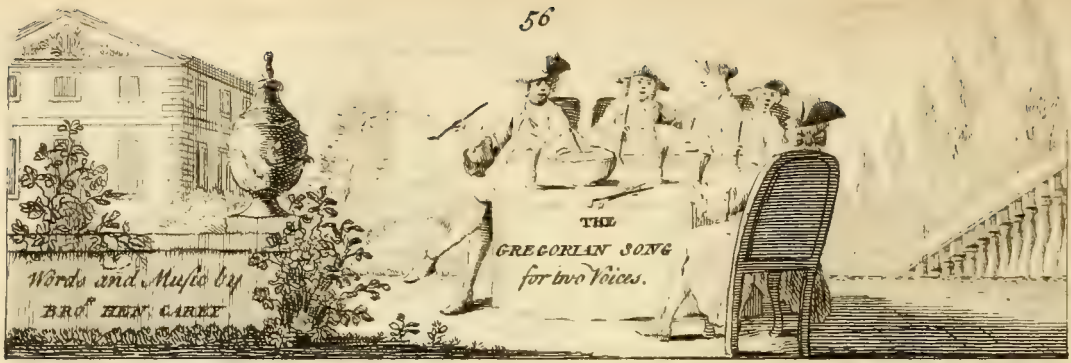
While I, ah, welladay.

In silence blusht a fond Reply,

Can She who truly loves, deny?

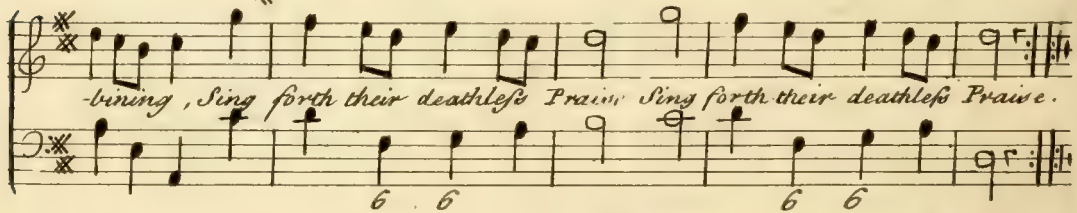
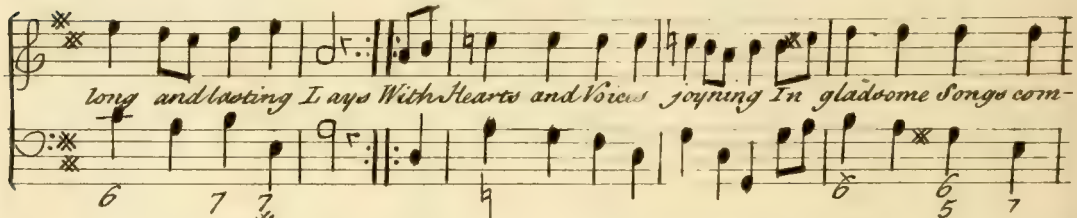
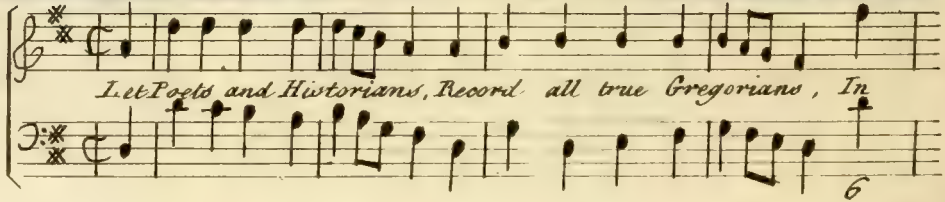
Ah, no, ah, welladay.





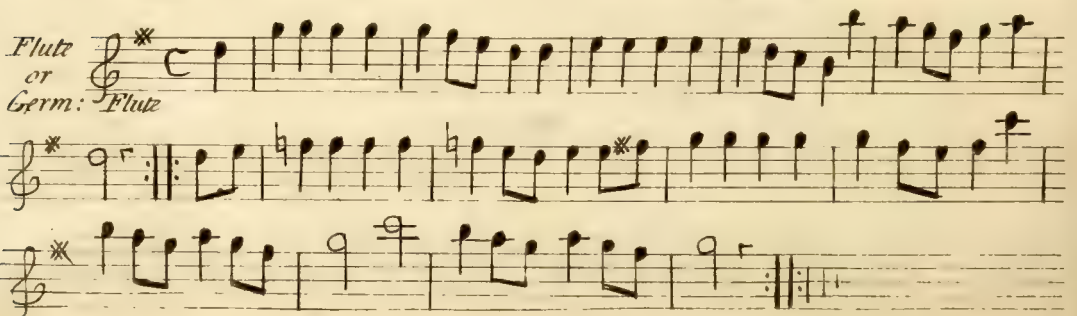
Words and Music by
BRO. HEN. CAREY

Germ:
Flute



If innocent Society,
Content and sweet Variety,
Can make us Mortals blest;
In social Love united,
With Harmony delighted,
We emulate the Best.

Our Friendship and Affinity,
Surpass all Consanguinity,
As Gold surpasses Ore;
Sweet to every Brother,
Let's stand by one another,
Till Time shall be no more.



FARINELLO, or the SYREN of the STAGE.

GERM.

FLUTE

Tuneful Syren of the Stage Charmor of our idle Age Empty Warbler breathing Lyre

wanton gale of fond desire Bane of every manly art sweet Infector of the Heart Oh too pleasing

is thy Strain, hence to southern Climas again. Oh too pleasing is thy Strain hence to Southern

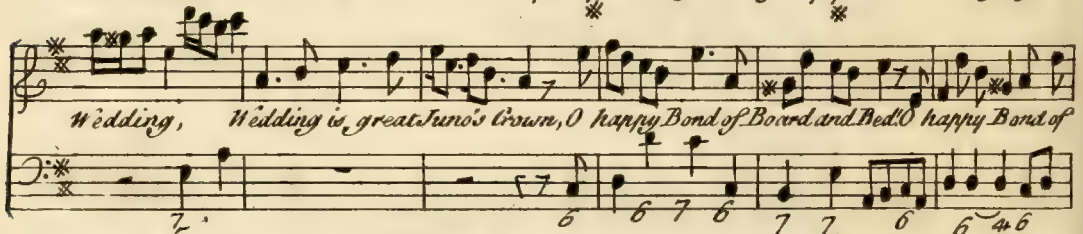
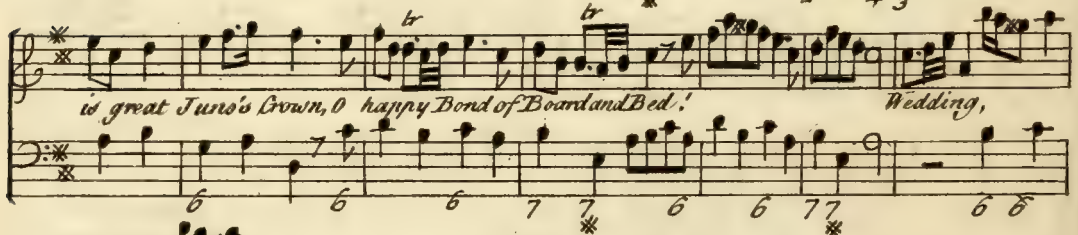
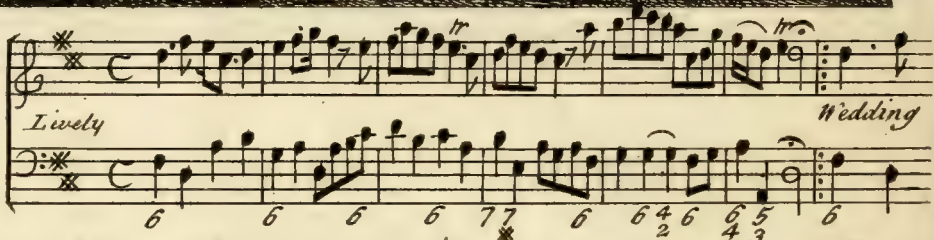
Climas again, hence to Southern Climas again, Tuneful Mischief vocal Spell

To this Island bid farewell, leave us as we ought to be, leave the Britons rough and free.

Flute



GERM.
FLUTE



'Tis Hymen peoples every Town, High Wedlock then be honoured.

'Tis Hymen peoples every Town, High Wedlock then be honoured.

'Tis

Hymen peoples every Town High Wedlock then be honoured. End with 1st Symphony.

Flute

Sym.

End with the first Symphony

Sung & Set by M^r. Sullivan.

*German
Flute.*

When gentle Parthenisa walks, Or gayly smiles, Or

sweet - ly talks A thousand Charms a - round her fly,

And many Swains unheeded dye, and ma - ny Swains un -

heed - ed dye, by

*If then She labours to be seen
With all her killing Arts and Mein;
From so much Beauty, so much Art,
What Mortal can secure his Heart.*

Flute

*Germ.
Flute.*

SET BY M^R STOLLGER.

GEPM.

FLUTE

Lucinda by a secret art, unknown to all but her. Which she has

6 6 6 3 4 6 6 6

practiced on my Heart, Has charm'd the Wanderer. Enjoyment

6 6 * 6 * 6 7 *

which did oft abate the youthful Lovers Heat, Will newer

6 6 6 6 * 6 4 * 6 6

Fancy now create, Soft Pleasure to repeat.

6 6 6 6 6 6

*So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At first his Prison how to brook,
By Difficulties taught:*

*But with kind tender Usage bred,
Grows pleas'd in his Abode,
And with more delicacies fed
Than e'er he found abroad.*

Flute

Set by M^r Hodson.

Germ.
Flute.

From Clime to Clime my Heart doth rove, I view the Fair; yet must not

love. I view the Fair; yet must not love, With wanton Beauty of ten

fred, But oh! how vain when not admired.

*Am I th' unhappy Man alone
Of Love and Beauty doom'd the Scorn?
Must coidd Gold the Mind controul,
Inslave the Will, and bribe the Soul?*

*As thus the pensive Shepherd stood,
And sighing view'd the reflux Flood;
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn,
And thus replied from vocal Morn.*

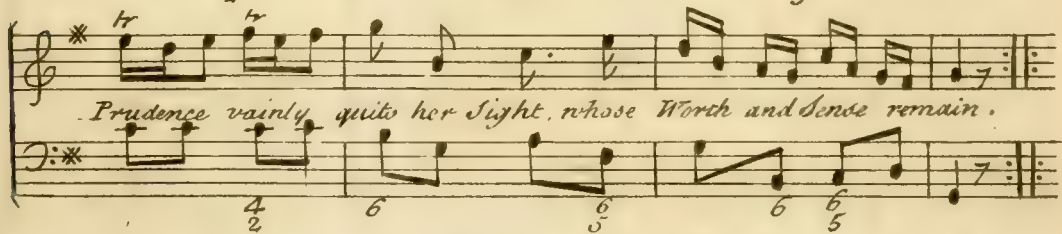
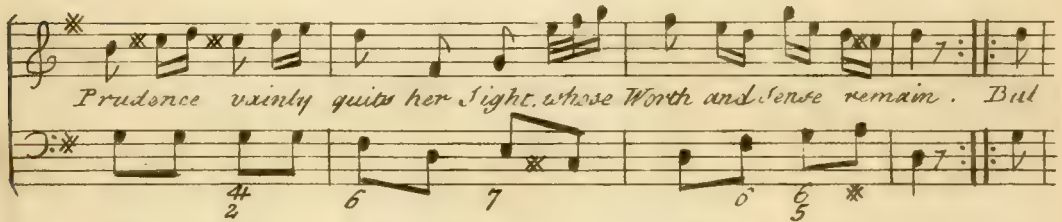
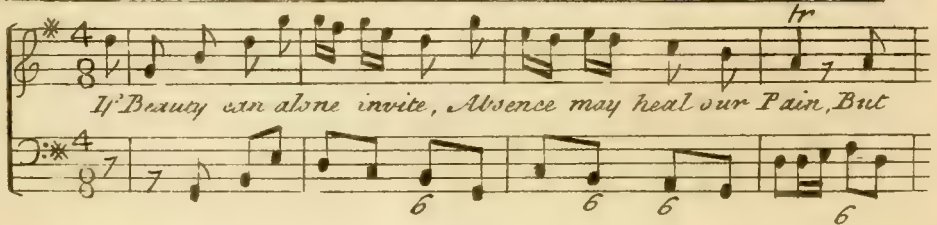
*With sober Scorn I'll treat the Sea,
And neer with Love my Heart perplex;
Till Cupid send some generous Fair,
To ease my Grief and end my Care.*

*Forbear dear Youth the plaintive Song,
Nor blindly censure Fate with Wrongs;
Th' fearful Strephon coldly flies.
While bashfull Laryllis dies.*

Flute



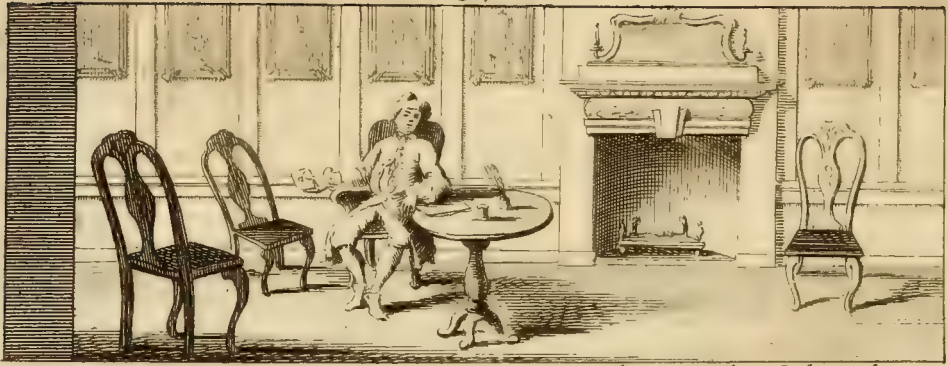
Germ
Flute



The fairest Face we may despise,
Which hides a foolish Mind,
But Reason guides the Lovers Eyes,
When Charms and Wit are join'd.

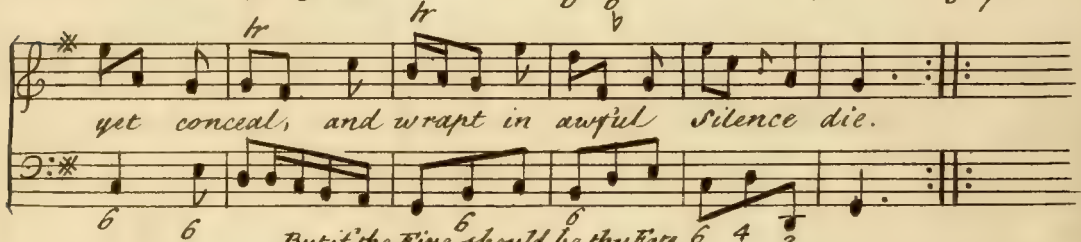
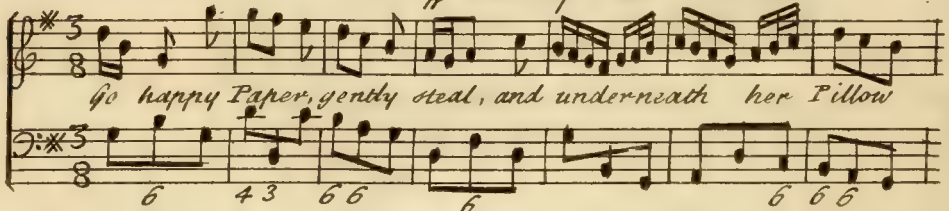
Caught by thy Person and thy Sense,
Tis both alike I fear;
For if the Eye could make Defense,
You'd conquer by the Ear.





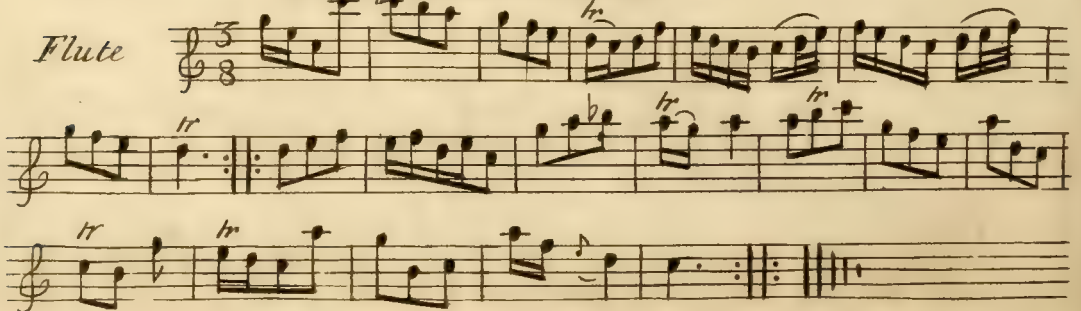
Set by M.^r Holcomb.

Germ
Flute



But if the Fire should be thy Fate 6 5 4 3
To Storms thou wilt quickly turn.
My Pains may bear a longer Date;
For should I live and She should hate,
In lasting Torture I shall burn.

Flute

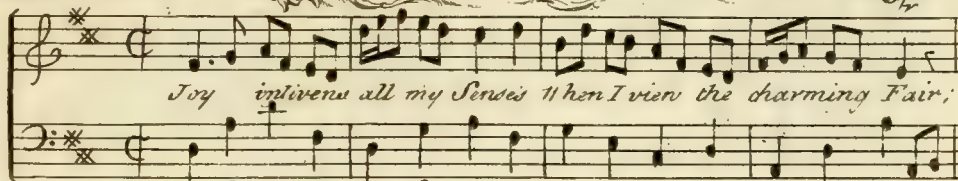




Set by
H^r Weideman

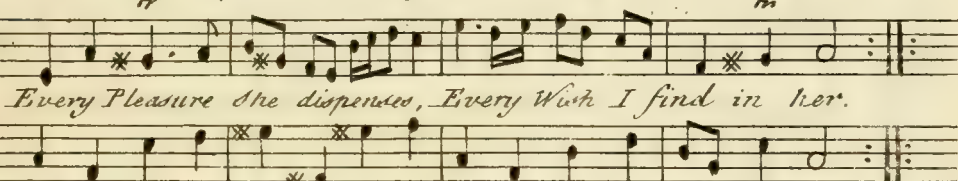
German

Flute



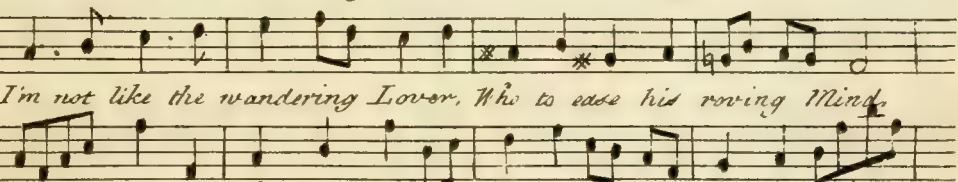
Joy invivens all my Senses When I view the charming Fair;

tr 6 4 6 5 6 6 6 *tr*



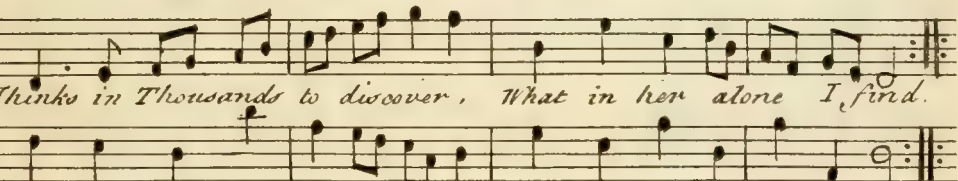
Every Pleasure she dispenses, Every Wish I find in her.

6 * 6 * 5 6 6 5 *



I'm not like the wandering Lover, Who to ease his roving Mind,

6 6 * * 6 6 5

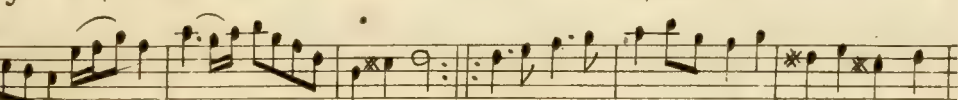


Thinks in Thousands to discover, What in her alone I find.

6 6 6 6 7 6 4 3

*While Mankind their Hours are wasting In one charmer place your Treasure;
Every Fair by turns to move, Happiness is only there.
My Delights are true and lasting, Constancy's the greatest Pleasure,
Blest with Innocence and Love. When two Hearts united are*

Either
FLUTE



66
Cantata,
By M^r Boyce, Organist to His Majesty

Recit. *The cheerful Spring begins to Day, Arise my fair and come away, my fair and come away.*

Germ. Flute *Arise my fair and come away; come away, come away the cheerful Spring begins to*

Day, Arise my fair and come away, come away, come away the cheerful Spring begins to Day.

Amidst the Verdure of the Mead the Primrose lifts her velvet Head.

The warbling Birds, the Woods among, salute the Season with a Song. Flute.

The Season with a Song, The cooing Turtle in the Grove re:

news his tender Tale of Love: The Vines their infant Tendrils shoot, the Fig tree buds with early

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 # 6 6 #

fruit: All, All welcome in, welcome in the genial, Ray Arise my fair and come a:

4 6 6 6 6 4 6

way, come away, come away, Arise my fair and come away.

6 6 6 6 7 6 5

Flute

slow



Slow

Germ. Flute

The Birds no more shall sing, Nor Breezes cool the Grove, Nor

6 6 6 # 6 6

Blossoms deck the spring, If I forsake my Love. The Sun shall rise at Night, The

9 6 6 6 7 6 # 6 7

Moon her Orbit leave, And Day be turn'd to Night, When I my Love deceive.

7 6 # 9 6 5 6 6 # 7

Come then Let's haste away.

And view the charming Spring: 'Tis Beauty All we see;

All Nature now is gay,

The Birds begin to sing.

'Tis Music All we hear,

'Tis Beauty All we see;

The lively Flowers appear:

Your Lover waits for Thee.

Flute

Slow



By an Italian Master.

Ger Flute
Gentle

Cruel Creature, can you leave me, Can you

then ungrateful prove? Did you court me to de-

ceive me, and to slight my constant Love.

False, Ungrateful, thus to woo me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
First to promise and undo me,
Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Cupid, Pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a tender Maid's Petition,
And restore my Love again.

Flute

Set by
M^r Stodger

German,
(Flute)

Sym. Andante

First system of musical notation for German (Flute) and Sym. Andante. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the bass line is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a repeat sign. The lyrics "When modest Cloë's down cast Eyes, My Passion doth approve," are written below the melody. The bass line continues with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a repeat sign. The lyrics "Within my Breast such Joys arise as melt my Soul to Love..." are written below the melody. The bass line continues with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues with a repeat sign. The lyrics "...as melt my Soul to Love. Sy." are written below the melody. The bass line continues with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

O sweetest Virgin ever shine,
With kind indulgent Rays,
Upon a Heart so soft as mine,
Which all thy Truth repay's.

Flute

Sym.

Final system of musical notation for Flute and Sym. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time, and the bass line is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.



Set by M^r Howard.

Germ
Flute.

How happy is the Maid Who lives a rural Life, By

no false News betray'd to share domestic Strife: No Passion sways her

Mind, No longing to be great, to humble Thoughts confined, She

shuns the gilded Bait; to humble Thoughts confined, She shuns the gilded Bait.

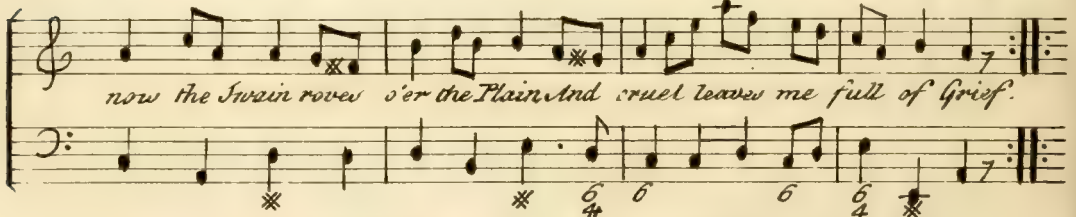
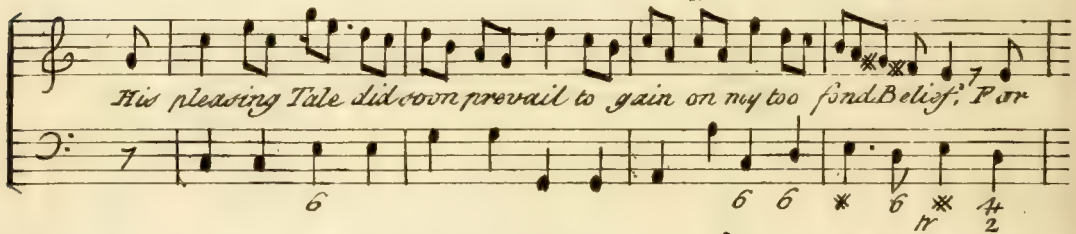
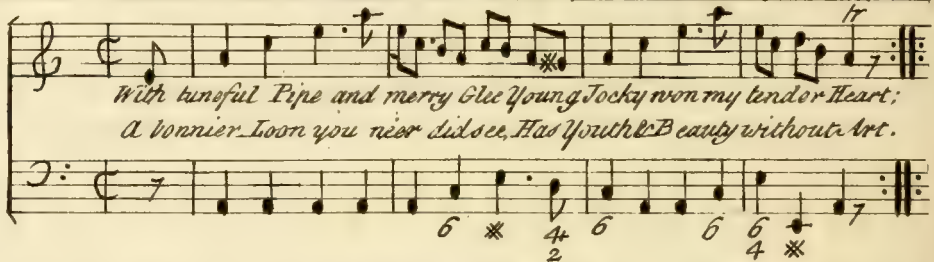
But if some generous Boy,
Her faithful Bosom share;
He doubles all her Joy,
And lessens all her Care:

Their Moments on the Wing,
The mutual Bliss improve;
And give perpetual Spring,
To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute



Germ.
Flute.



Young Jemmy courts with artful Song,
But few regards his amorous Moan:
The Lassies round my Jocky throng,
And Jemmy he is left alone.

My bonny Molly, Maggie, Dolly,
Pray avoid my roving Swain,
His wiley Tongue Be sure you shun,
Or you like me must love in vain.



SET BY M^r WORGAN.*Brist*

Germ.

Flute

As Damon on a Summerday, Beside a Brook began his Lay, The

cooling Waters past along, Well pleased at Damon's happy Song.

His Theme was Love, for Delia's Charms, had won the Shepherd to Her

Arms, had won the Shepherd to her Arms.

How blest am I who only know
The Joys of Love which ever flow;
Dear Scenes of Transport now app^rse
While Truth & Love are all my Care:
Hear then ye Waters, Birds & Groves,
That Delia's kind & Damon loves.

She as the Morn'g is true & fair,
Sweet as the Rose and Violet are.
Our Hearts in mutual Bliss shall live
No more can bounteous Nature give:
Each Tree shall hence our Passion tell
That Shepherd stiv'd and loved so well.

Flute
or
G. Flute

How blest am I who only know



GERM.

FLUTE

From sweet bewitching tricks of Love, Young Men your
 Hearts secure, Lest from the Paths of Sense you rove, in Dotage prema-
 -ture, In Dotage premature. Look at each Lads, thro Wisdom's

glaſs, nor truſt the naked Eye: Gallants beware, Look ſharp, Take
care, the Blind eat many a Fly, the Blind eat many a Fly.

Not only on their Hands & Necks There's every Spinſter in the Realm,
The borrow'd Whiſe you'll find: Known how Mankind to cheat;
Some Belles, when Intereſt directs. Down to the Cottage from the Helm,
Can even paint the Mind: can &c. The learn'd, the brave, and great: The &c
Joy in Diſtreſs they can expreſs, With lovely Looks & golden Hooks
Their very Tears can lie. Gallants &c I tangle us they try. Gallants &c.

Could we with Ink the Ocean fill,
Was Earth of Parchment made,
Was every ſingle Sack a Quill,
Each Man a Scribe by Trade;
To write the Tricks of half the Sex,
Would ſuck that Ocean dry. Gallants &c.

FLUTE

76
Ladies Answer to the FLY.

GERM.
FLUTE

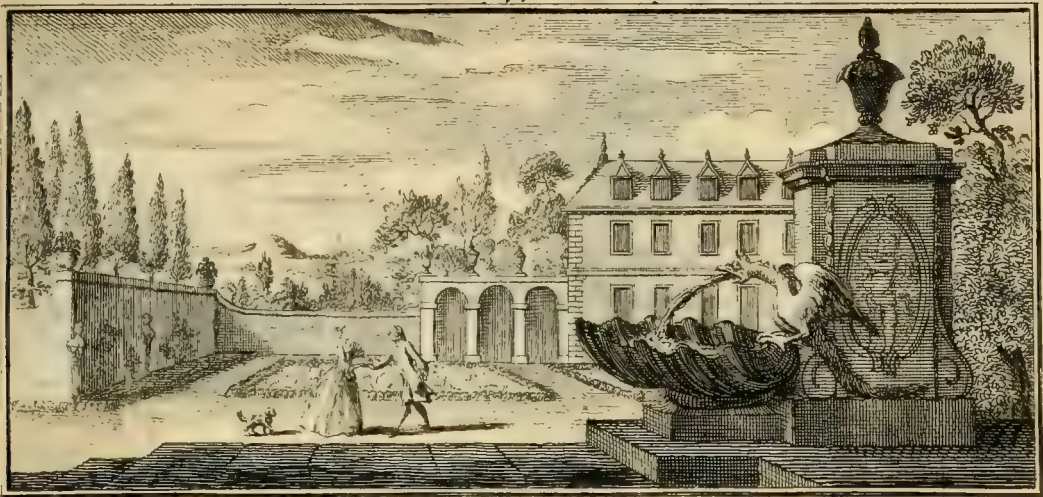
The Women by frail Men are scorn'd, for being oft too kind, Yet
we all know that Men, when spur'd, are to our Will confined, are to our Will confined.

With restless pain and Smile to gain, all ways they gladly try. But Maids be
ware, Avoid the snare, All Men deal artfully, All Men deal artfully.

*There's not a Man who in his Heart, They often strive with artfull Tale
Can Woman truly love: Our weak Sex to deceive;
They but delight to throw the Dart, On our good Nature first prevail,
And all its Pain approve. Then laugh within their Sleeve.
With Looks serene, then only seen, In self Conceit they think to cheat
They flattering Words apply, But & The Heart as well as Eye. But &*

*If then to rout the selfish Crew
You'd chuse a faithfull Guard
Let Virtue rule the Heart, and None
Will love their just Reward.
Not all their Tribe can Virtue bribe,
It will all Art defy. Then Maids &c*

FLUTE

Set by M^r Boyce.GERM.
FLUTE

To soothe my Heart the Queen of Love
gave thee the mildness of the Dove, With tender Looks of
soft Distress to rob me of my Quietness.

Apollo likewise conspire *And thus, compell'd by joint Decree,*
To lend thee both his Art & Lyre: *I ever must love only Thee.*

FLUTE, OR GERMAN FLUTE.

To soothe my Heart the Queen of Love
gave thee the mildness of the Dove, With tender Looks of
soft Distress to rob me of my Quietness.

Apollo likewise conspire *And thus, compell'd by joint Decree,*
To lend thee both his Art & Lyre: *I ever must love only Thee.*

FLUTE, OR GERMAN FLUTE.



A HUNTING SONG by C.L. Esq.^r

The Music by a Gentleman of WIGAN.

GERM.

FLUTE

The Morning is charming, all Nature is gay, Away my brave

Boys to your Horses, Away: For the Prime of our Pleasure and questing the Hare, We

Chorus

have not so much as a Moment to spare. Hark the lively toned Horn, how me-

-ludious it sounds, how melodious it sounds, To the musical

Song, to the musical Song of the merry mouth'd Hounds.

*In yon stubble Field we shall find her below :
 'Soho !' cries the Huntsman, 'Hark to him, 'Soho !'
 See, see where she goes, and the Hounds have a view,
 Such Harmony Handel himself never knew :
 Cho. Gates, Hedges and Ditches to us are no Bounds
 But the World is our own while we follow the Hounds*

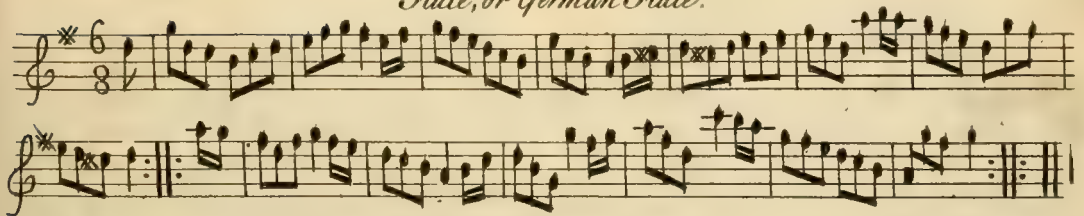
*Hold Hold tis a Double, hark hey ! 'Bowler hey !'
 If a thousand gainsay it a thousand shall lye,
 His Beauty surpassing his Truth has been try'd,
 At the Head of the Pack an infallible Guide :
 Cho. At his Cry the wide Welking with Thunder resounds,
 The Darling of Hunters the Glory of Hounds.*

*O'er Highlands and Lowlands and Woodlands we fly,
 Our Horses full speed, & our Hounds in full cry,
 So matcht in their Mouths and so even they run,
 Like the Tune of the Spheres & the Race with the Sun
 Cho. Health, Joy and Felicity dance in the Rounds,
 And bless the gay Circle of Hunters and Hounds.*

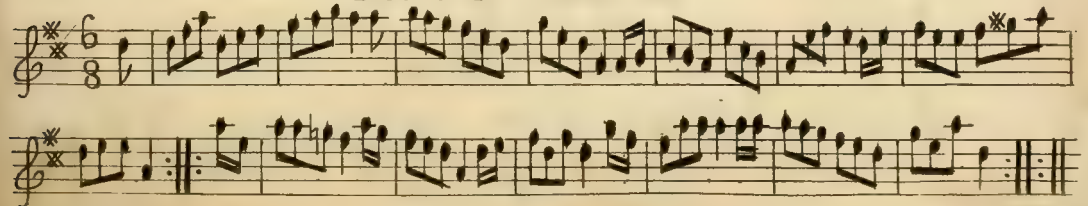
*The old Hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
 That the Hare tho' a stout one begins to decline,
 A chase of two Hours or more she has led,
 She's down; look about ye, they have her Ware dead.
 Cho. How glorious a Death to be honour'd with Sounds
 Of Horns, and a Shout to the Chorus of Hounds !*

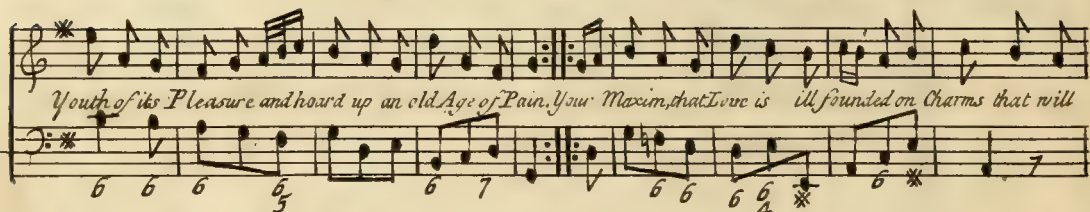
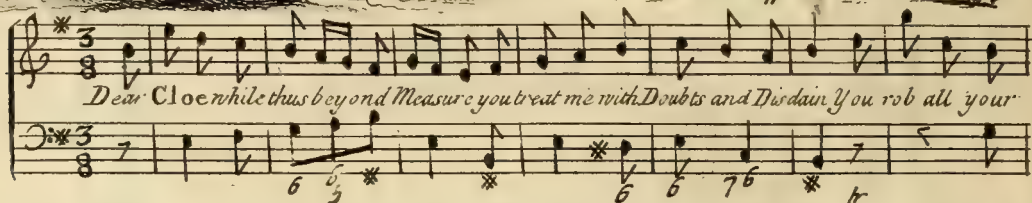
*Here's a Health to all Hunters & long be their Lives,
 May they never be crost by their Sweethearts or Wives;
 May they rule their own Passions, and ever at Best,
 As the most happy Men be they also the Best :
 Cho. And free from the Care which the many surrounds,
 Be happy at last - when they see no more Hounds.*

Flute, or German Flute.



Bass for the Concert Flute.



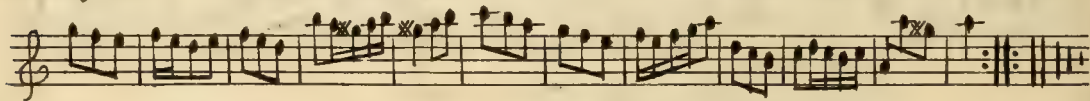


The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks & gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruitful the Sunshine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay;
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You neer can forget it was day

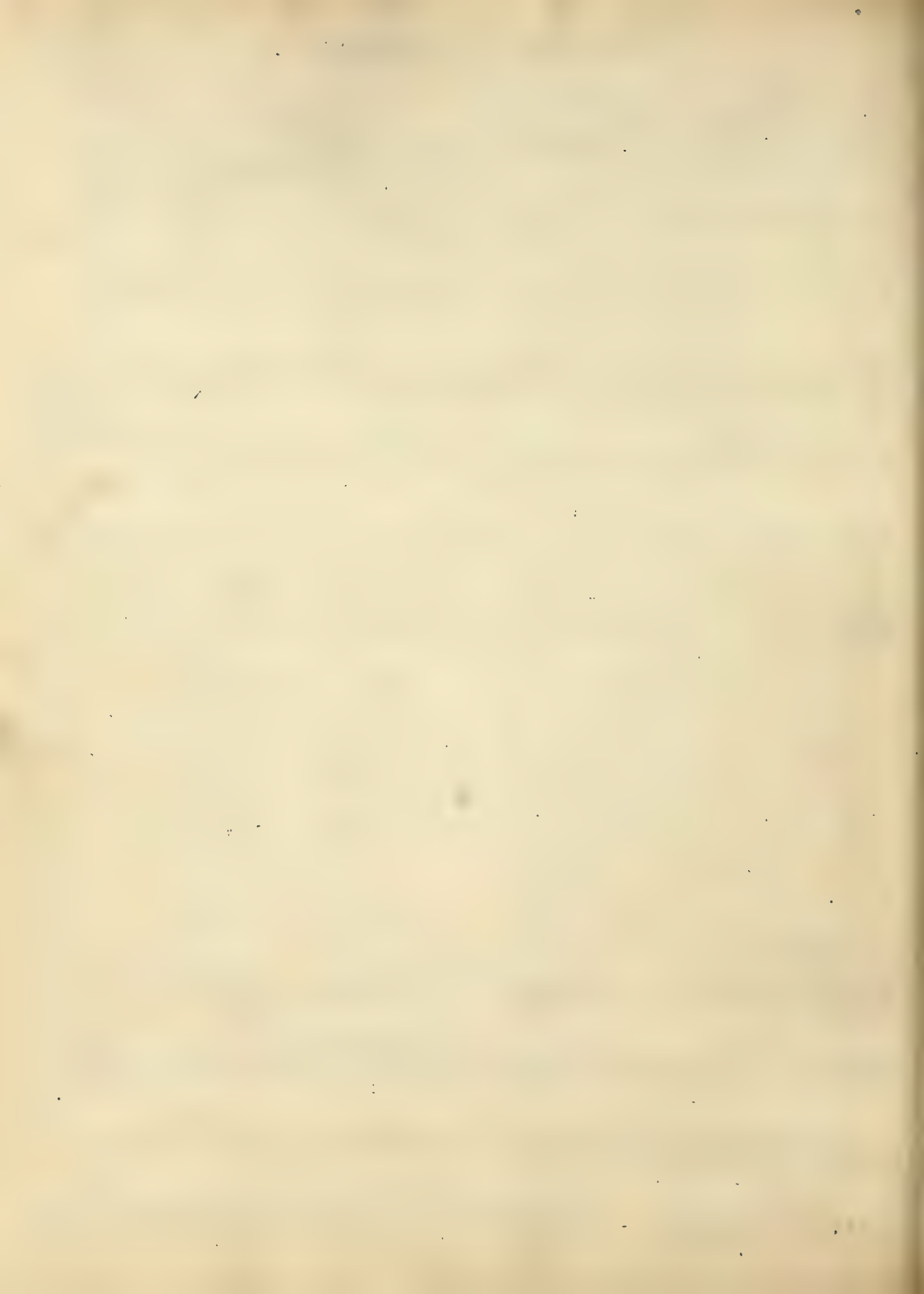
Old Darby with Joan by his Side,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropsical She is dem eyd;
Yet they're always uneasy asunder:
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at Night when old Darby's pots out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other:
Is the pleasing remembrance of youth
The Encharments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure & truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
No sickness or time can remove;
For when Youth & Beauty are past,
And Age bring the Winter of Love:
A Friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of Fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze.







AMARYLLIS:

Consisting
Of such SONGS as are most esteemed for Composition and Delicacy,
and SING, at the
Publick Theatres or Gardens;

All chosen from the works of the

Best Masters,

And rightly Adapted for the

Voice, Violin, Flauto, Flute and German Flute,
With a
Figured BASE for the Harpsicord.

VOL. II



*Tu Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

L O N D O N.

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT,

By T. J. and Sold by M. Cooper in Pater noster Row, J. Wood, at the Royal Exchange, and I. Tyther
Music Seller in Moorfields.



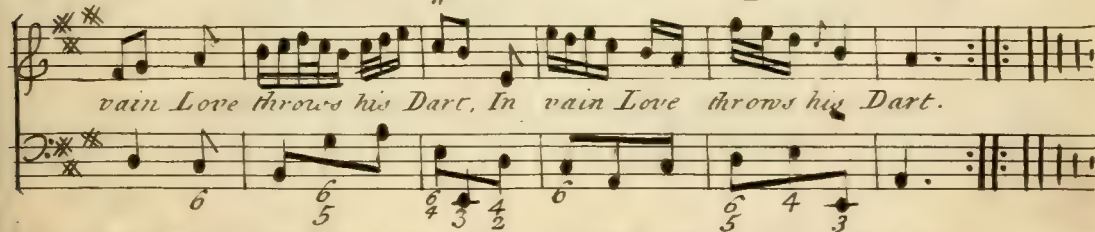
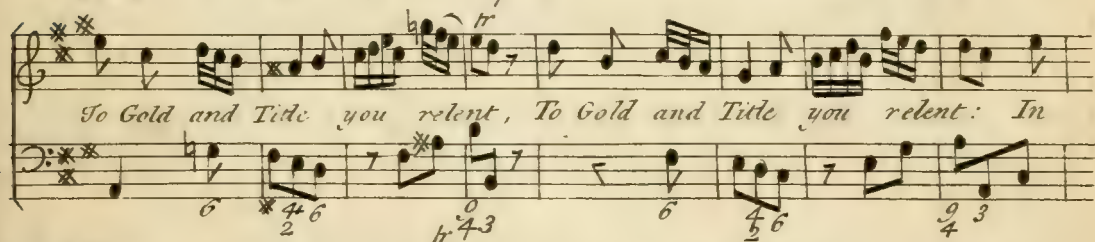
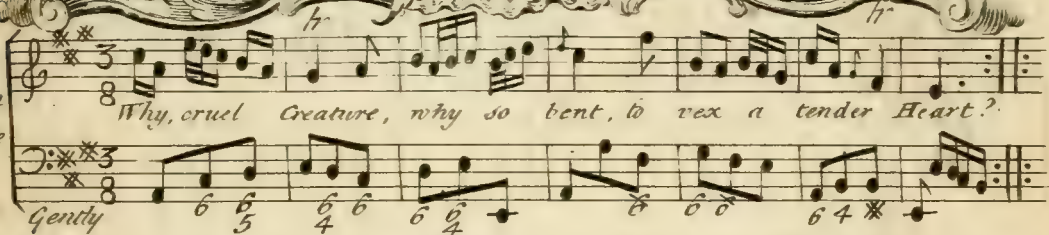
P R E F A C E .

THESE two Volumes of Songs, called *AMARYLLIS*, are all new transposed, revised, and adapted to the general Pitch of Voices, and all Instruments in common Use : And tho' several of them are seen in other Collections, none of them are merely copied, which, by reason of an infinite Variety of Faults, must have rendered them despicable and useles. The Whole has been strictly examined, Poetry as well as Music, and the Harmony settled between the Aires and Bases, by a Gentleman of undoubted Ability : So that as this Collection certainly excels all others, both in its Form and Correctness, it is also of so moderate a Price, that any Person capable of doing it in this manner must expect at least twenty times the Purchase-Money to fit it for the Press. The Goodness therefore of the Plan, as well as the Performance, being sufficiently confest by the Quickness of the Sale, this Work is recommended as a handsome Repository of curious Songs for the innocent Amusement of young Gentlemen and Ladies, and not beneath the Practice of the most judicious Performers.

<i>As Cloe in the Garden, stray'd,</i> Set by Crookenden	Vol II. pag. 80	<i>One Summer's Eve</i>	Howard,	I. 32
<i>As Cloe o'er the Meadow</i>	Alcock II. 43	<i>On dear Zelinda's Charms</i>	Howard,	II. 36
<i>As Damon on a Summer</i>	Worgan I. 73	<i>On every Hill</i>	Arne,	II. 38
<i>At last my dear Cloe</i>	Barker, I. 16	<i>On his Face</i>	Boyce,	II. 14
<i>At setting Day</i>	Howard, I. 48	<i>O would't thou</i>	S ^t Germain,	II. 8
<i>At St Oystn by the Mill</i>	Howard, II. 44	<i>Phyllis has each pleasing Art</i>	I. 5	
<i>At the Brow of a Hill</i>	Howard, I. 54	<i>Preach not me</i>	Arne,	I. 1
<i>At the silent evening</i>	Oswald, I. 36	<i>Restrain'd from the sight</i>	Alcock,	II. 18
<i>At Upton on the Hill</i>	Howard I. 33	<i>Say, Myra, why</i>	Howard,	II. 37
<i>Blah not what you</i>	Carey I. 25	<i>See Daphne, / see</i>	Howard,	II. 48
<i>Blow on ye Winds</i>	Lamp, II. 28	<i>See, Flora, bow</i>	Howard,	I. 24
<i>Britannia sees brave</i>	Howard, I. 10	<i>Shepherdesses, pretty</i>	Strollger,	II. 26
<i>By the gaily circling</i>	Arne, II. 60	<i>Should Love sincere</i>	Oswald,	II. 57
<i>Can Love be controll'd</i>	I. 46	<i>So fair and soft</i>	II. 10	
<i>Cloris darling of</i>	Weideman, II. 65	<i>Spring renewing</i>	Defesh,	II. 3
<i>Come Amarylhis quit the Town</i>	II. 25	<i>Stella and Flavia</i>	Howard,	I. 26
<i>Come live with me</i>	Chilcot, I. 18	<i>Strepson why that</i>	Vincent,	I. 20
<i>Crouds of Coxcombs</i>	Lamp, II. 33	<i>Swains I scorn</i>	Howard,	I. 12
<i>Cruel Amynta</i>	Defesh, II. 16	<i>Swain I know that you</i>	II. 30	
<i>Cruel Creature, Can you</i>	I. 69	<i>Sweet were once</i>	Russel,	I. 23
<i>Dear Cloe, while thus beyond</i>	I. 80	<i>Sylvia, wilt thou waste</i>	I. 6	
<i>Domestic Bird</i>	Sandford, II. 35	<i>Tell me, lovely Shepherd</i>	Boyce,	II. 6
<i>Fairest of the Virgin</i>	Boyce, II. 22	<i>Tell me, my Delia</i>	Howard,	I. 14
<i>Fair Sally loved</i>	Green, II. 21	<i>Tell me not of a Face</i>	Lamp,	II. 72
<i>Farewell ye Flocks</i>	Worgan, I. 44	<i>That which ber</i>	Geminian,	II. 41
<i>Fly, Care, to the Winds</i>	II. 20	<i>The Birds no more</i>	Handel,	I. 68
<i>Fly swiftly, ye Minutes</i>	Arne, II. 66	<i>The blitheft Bird that Sings</i>	I. 55	
<i>For a Shape and a Bloom</i>	Arne, II. 73	<i>The cheerful Spring</i>	Boyce,	I. 66
<i>From Chime to Chime</i>	Hodfson, I. 62	<i>The Fields and Groves</i>	Worgan,	I. 4
<i>From scourging Rebellion</i>	Handel, I. 2	<i>The gentle budding Rose</i>	Barker,	I. 47
<i>From sweet bewitching tricks</i>	I. 74	<i>The Morning is charming</i>	I. 78	
<i>Gentle Love this</i>	S ^t Germain, II. 32	<i>The new flown Birds</i>	Lamp,	I. 53
<i>Goddeß of Ease</i>	Boyce, II. 13	<i>The Nymph that seems</i>	Coff,	I. 8
<i>Go, happy Paper</i>	Holcomb, I. 64	<i>The parent Bird</i>	Lamp,	I. 38
<i>Guardian Angels</i>	Carey I. 29	<i>The Shape and Face</i>	Oswald,	II. 76
<i>Ditto, to a Composition of Handel's</i>	II. 64	<i>The wanton God</i>	Arne,	II. 1
<i>Had Molly but known</i>	I. 37	<i>Two Baucis and I</i>	I. 45	
<i>Help me each harmonious Grove</i>	II. 56	<i>Two Woman by frail Men</i>	I. 76	
<i>How brim full of nathing</i>	Carey, II. 12	<i>To beat the Smart</i>	II. 63	
<i>How happy is the Maid</i>	Howard, I. 71	<i>Too plain, dear Youth</i>	Howard,	I. 28
<i>I envy not Sir Courtly Nice</i>	I. 49	<i>To sooth my Heart</i>	Boyce,	I. 77
<i>If all that I love</i>	Arne, II. 62	<i>To the Words that I sing</i>	Arne,	I. 50
<i>If Beauty can alone</i>	Fefung, I. 63	<i>Tuneful Syren of the Stage</i>	I. 57	
<i>If Truth can fix</i>	Howard, II. 54	<i>'Twas when the Sea</i>	Handel,	II. 79
<i>If you mywandering</i>	Boyce, I. 15	<i>Wedding is great Juno's</i>	Chilcot,	I. 58
<i>If you wou'd keep</i>	Carey, II. 45	<i>Weep not my lovely</i>	Davis,	II. 46
<i>In some dreary Desert</i>	II. 69	<i>What Cato advises</i>	Carey,	II. 19
<i>In vain Philander</i>	Boyce, II. 9	<i>What shall an injured</i>	Pepulh,	II. 2
<i>In vain the Force</i>	Green, II. 40	<i>When beauteous fair Camilla</i>	II. 47	
<i>Joy inflames all</i>	Weideman, I. 65	<i>When Fanny blooming</i>	II. 78	
<i>Is there a Charm</i>	Carey, I. 31	<i>When first I fair Zelinda knew</i>	I. 39	
<i>It is not that I love</i>	Oswald, II. 4	<i>When gentle Parthenissa</i>	Sullivan,	I. 60
<i>It is not the Charms of Beauty</i>	I. 40	<i>When here Lucinda</i>	Holcomb,	I. 13
<i>I tell with equal</i>	Worgan, II. 40	<i>When Lucinda's</i>	Prelleur,	II. 61
<i>I wish and long</i>	Lamp, I. 30	<i>When mighty Sol</i>	Worgan,	I. 34
<i>Lately on yonder swelling Bush</i>	I. 7	<i>When modest Cloe's</i>	Strollger,	I. 70
<i>Let me wander</i>	Handel, II. 11	<i>While I fondly view</i>	Handel,	I. 41
<i>Let Poets and Historians</i>	Carey, I. 56	<i>While some for Pleasure</i>	I. 22	
<i>Long in vain I've been pursuing</i>	II. 24	<i>Who to win a Woman's</i>	Handel,	II. 55
<i>Love's a dear deceitful</i>	Handel, II. 17	<i>Why cruel Creature</i>	II. 1	
<i>Loves a gentle generous</i>	Carey, II. 3	<i>Why beares my fond</i>	Howard,	I. 52
<i>Lucinda by a secret</i>	Strollger, I. 61	<i>Why shou'd I my Passion</i>	II. 34	
<i>Mortals wisely learn</i>	Handel, I. 9	<i>Why will Florella</i>	Will Turner,	II. 70
<i>My Lesbia let us live</i>	Lamp, II. 27	<i>With early Horn</i>	Galliard,	II. 58
<i>No more shall Meads</i>	Boyce, I. 21	<i>With tuneful Pipe</i>	Green,	I. 72
<i>Of every sweet</i>	Lamp, II. 53	<i>Would you taste</i>	Arne,	II. 50
<i>Of the troubled</i>	Galliard, II. 52	<i>Ye Powers above</i>	Oswald,	I. 17
<i>O leave me to complain</i>	Carey, II. 29	<i>Ye purple blooming Roses</i>	Green,	II. 68
<i>On a Day</i>	Chilcot, I. 42	<i>Yes, I am in Love</i>	Handel,	II. 74
		<i>Young Damon, once a jolly Swain</i>	II. 42	



Germ
Flute

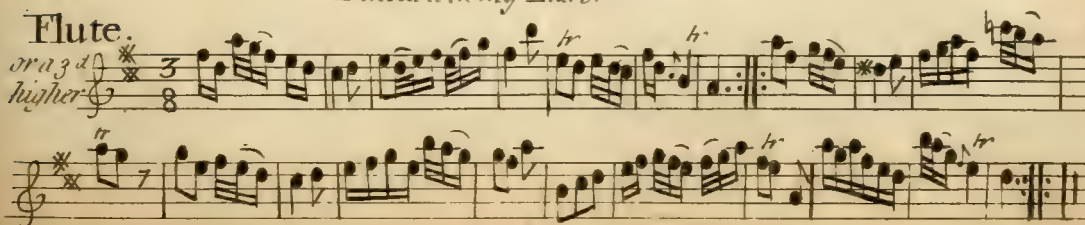


Let quarter'd Knights in Courts be great,
For Pay let Armies move;
Beauty should have no other Bait;
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on thy Charms you think to lay
The Value thas their Due,
Kings are themselves too poor to Pay,
Their Subjects all too Few.

But if a Passion without Vice,
Without Disguise or Art,
O Celia, if true Loves your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.

Flute.
or a 3d
higher





Ger.
Fl.

What shall an injured Lover do, Can I believe her? No, no, no, Will it grieve her If I

leave her, will it grieve her, No, no, no. What shall an injured Lover do,

Can I believe her, No, no, no Will it grieve her If I leave her No, no, no: No, no, no, no, no, no.

6 6 * 6 * * 7 7 6 7 7

6 4 3 6 6 4 3 6 * 4 6 6

6 4 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 * 6 6 4 *

Flute

h.

U.

U.

h.

Polly

Sung by M^{rs} Falconer.

Set by M^r Defsch.

Ger
Flute

Spring renewing all Things gay, Nature's Dictates all obey: In each Creature we may

see the effect of Love's Decree. Thus their State, such their Fate, Do not, Polly,

stay too late, Do not, Polly, stay too late.

Look around and see them play;
All are nauton while they may;
Why should precious Time be lost;
After Summer comes a Frost?
All pursue Nature's Due,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark how kind the Swain and Lass
Yonder sitting on the Grass:
See how earnestly he sues,
While she blushing can't refuse,
See you two, how they woo;
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Flute.



Words by M^r Waller, set by M^r Oswald.

Germ
Flute

It is not that I love you less, Than when before your Feet I lay;

3/8

6 7 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 4

But to prevent the sad increase Of hopeless Love I keep a way,

6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Of hopeless Love I keep away.

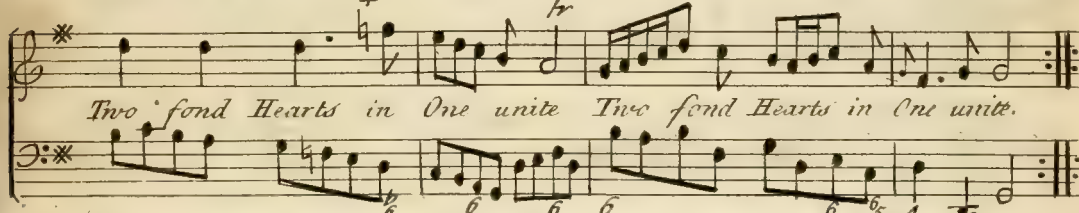
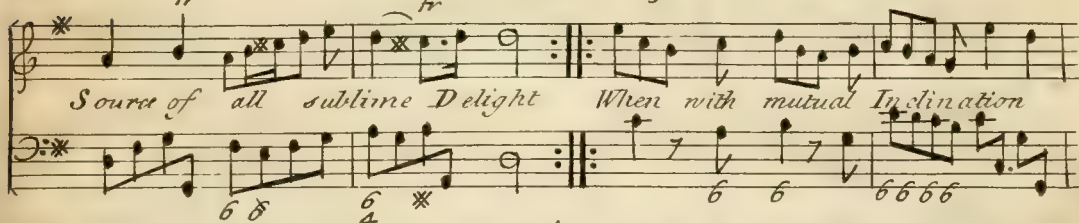
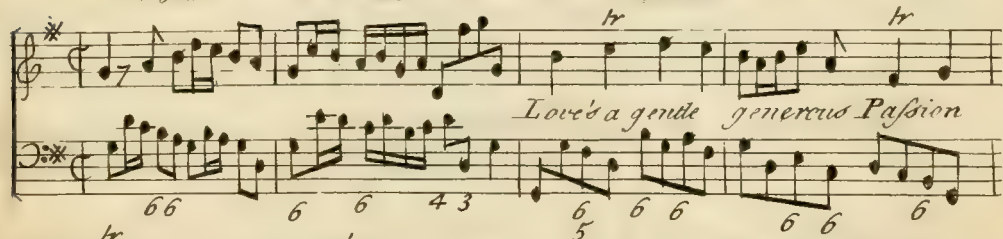
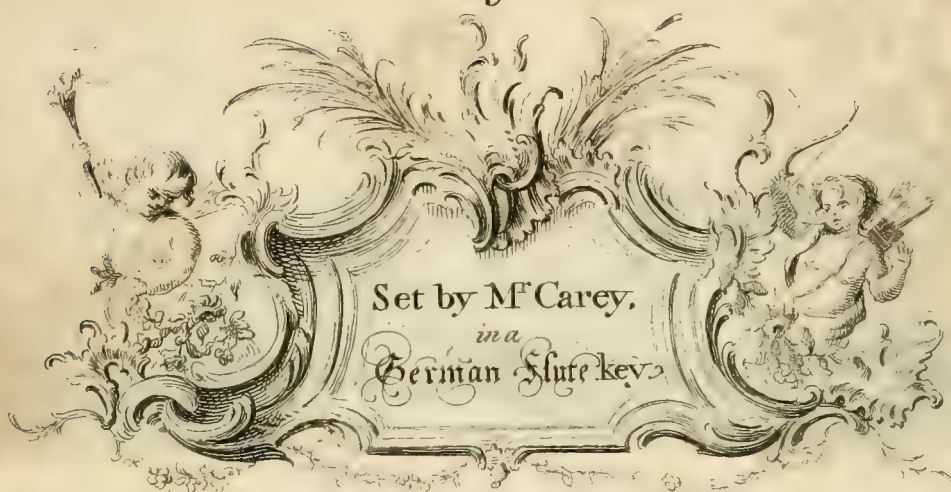
6 6 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

*But tis in vain; for all those Things
Which I have known belong to You
Thy Image to my Fancy brings,
(And all my Former Pains renew.
And all &c.*

FLUTE.

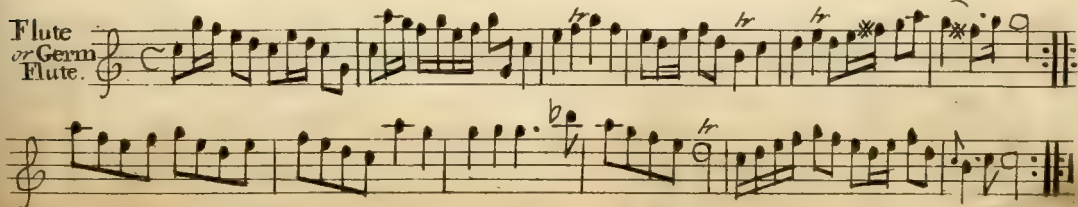
3/8

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6



*What are Tides, Pomp or Riches,
If compared with true Content;
That false Joy that now bewiches,
When obtained we may repent.*

*Lawless Passions bring vexation:
But the chaste and constant Love
Is a glorious Emulation.
Of the blissful State above.*



(Put in a useful Key for the Voice or German Flute.)

(Put in a useful Key for the Voice or German Flute.)

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Andante". The score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked "Andante". The melody in the treble staff includes trills (tr) and the bass staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Tell me lovely Shepherd where, where, tell me where thou feedest at

Handwritten musical score for two stanzas. The first stanza, "Noon thy fleecy Care", is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is marked with "tr" (trill) above the first and fourth measures. The second stanza, "Direct me to the sweet Retreat that", is written in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is marked with "tr" above the final measure. The lyrics are written in cursive below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and trills.

Handwritten musical score for "The Guards Song". The score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. The top staff has lyrics "guards three from the Midday Heat" and "Left by the". The bottom staff has lyrics "guards three from the Midday Heat" and "Left by the". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are also some handwritten annotations like "tr" and "tr" above the top staff.

guards three from the Midday Heat Left by the

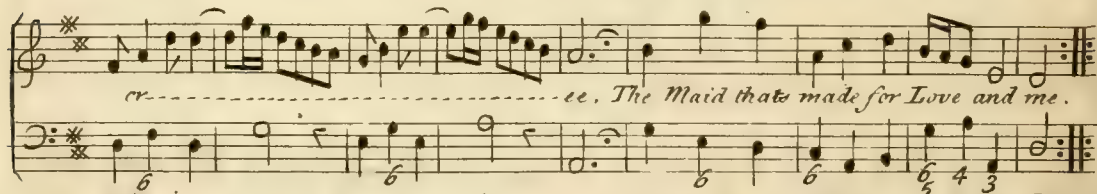
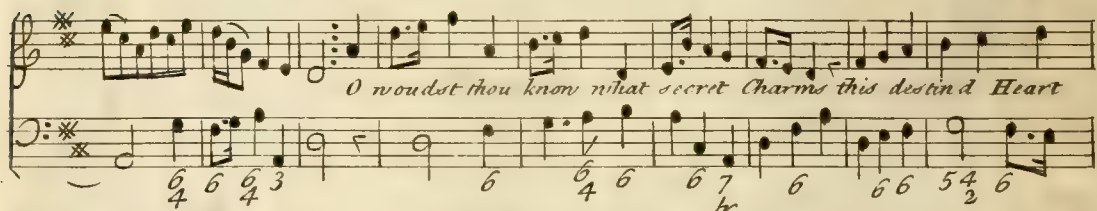
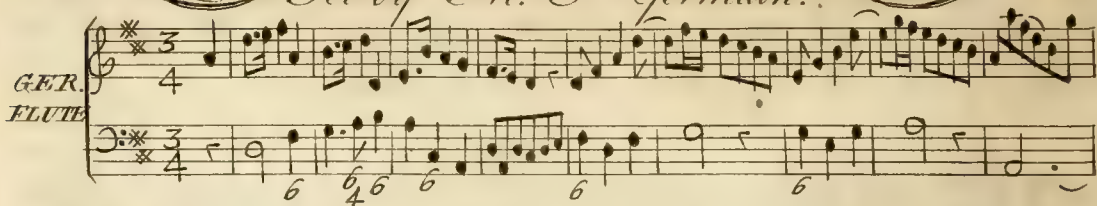
7

Flocks I lonely stray without a Guide and lose my Way. Where rest at Noon thy

bleating Care, gentle Shepherd tell me where, where, tell me where, tell me where, where

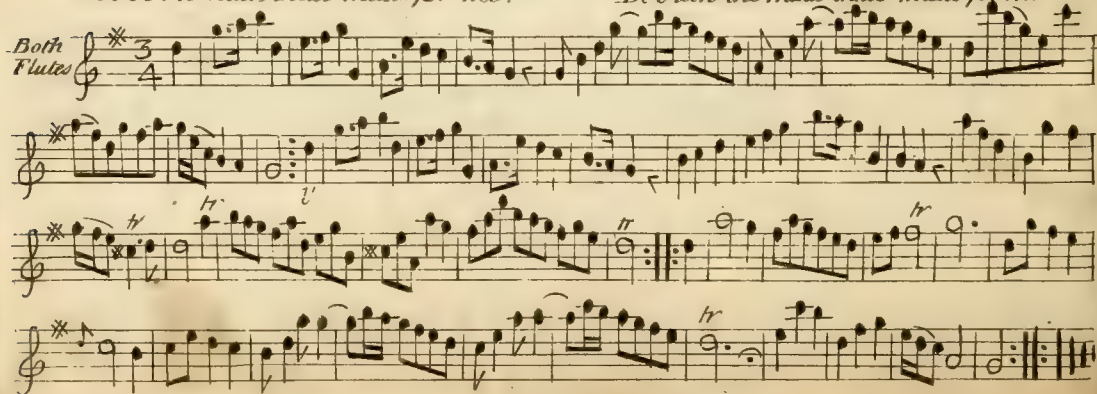
rest at Noon thy bleating Care, gentle Shepherd tell me where, tell me gentle Shepherd where.

Flute.

Set by M^r. S^t Germain.GER.
FLUTE

Who joys to hear the Lovers sincere:
 Who melts to see the tender Tear:
 From each ungentele Passion free:
 So be the Maid thats made for Me.

Whose Heart with generous Friendship glows
 And feels the Pleasure she bestows:
 Be ends to all, but kind to Me:
 Be such the Maid thats made for Me.

Both
Flutes



Gentle

Germ
Flute.

In vain, Philander, at my Feet, You urge your guilty
 Flame, With well dissembled Tears intreat, New Oaths and
 impious Vows repeat. And wrong Love's sacred Name.

O cease to call that Passion Love,
 Whose End is to betray;
 Should I too soon comply, you'd prove
 What sensual Views your Ardour move,
 And your Affection away.

And when to all my Fondness blind,
 You force me from your Breast;
 Deluded Wretch, where could I find
 That calm Content, that Peace of Mind,
 Which I before possess?

Flute

Flute
an 8.
higher

So fair & soft so gay & young, All Charms, she playd, she danced, & sung There was no Way to

escape the Dart, No Care to guard a Lovers Heart. Ah why cry'd I, & dropt a Tear, Adoring

yet despairing e'er, To have her to my self alone? Was so much Sweetness made for One?

*But growing bolder in her Ear,
I in soft Numbers told my Care,
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal Heat
Like Bliss too mighty to express
My Joys could be but known by Guess;
Ah Fool said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than One.*

But long I had not been in view
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew,
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms.
But She that once could faithless be
Will favour him no more than me:
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for One.

GERMAN FLUTE, or FLUTE.

GERMAN FLORE. FLORE.

A musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The bottom staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) in both staves. The title 'GERMAN FLORE. FLORE.' is written above the staves.

Words by Milton.
Set by M^r Handel.

Germ. Flute Minuet time

Let me wander, not unseen, by

Hedge-row Elms on Hillocks green: There the Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrow'd

Land, there the Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrow'd Land, There the Milkmaid singeth blithe

And the Mower whets his Scythe, and every Shepherd tells his Tale under the Hawthorn in the

Dale, And every Shepherd tells his Tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

Flute.

The Beau's Life.

Sung by M^{rs} Clive at Drury Lane Theatre

Minuet time *How brimfull of*

nothing's the Life of a Beau, They have nothing to think on they're nothing to do.

They have nothing to talk on for nothing they know Such such is the

Life of a Beau a Beau a Beau Such such is the Life of a Beau

*For nothing they rise but to draw the fresh Air: For nothing at night to the Playhouse they crowd,
Spend the Morning in nothing but curling their Hair. To mind nothing done there they always are proud,
And do nothing all Day but sing, santer, and stare. But to bow and to grin & talk nothing aloud.
Such, such is the Life of a Beau. Such, such is the Life of a Beau.*

*For nothing on Sundays at Church they appear;
They have nothing to hope as they're nothing to fear;
For they're nothing hereafter who are nothing here.
Such, such is the Life of a Beau.*

Flute

The Charms of Idleness

SET BY M^{rs} BOYCE.

Ger.
Flute.

Goddess of Ease, Leave Lethe's Brink, Obequious to the Muse & me: For once in-
dure the Pain to think O sweet In-sensibility. Sister of Peace and In-do-
lence, Bring Muse, Bring Numbers soft and slow, Elaborately void of Sense, and
sweetly, thoughtless let them flow, sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

6 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 5 6
6 5 6 6 7 6 * 4 3 7 5 6 * * 6
6 6 * 6 7 6 6 6
6 6 6 6 4 3

Near to some Cowslip's painted Mead,
There let me doze away dull Hours,
And under me, let Flora's Spread
(A Sophia of her softest Flowers,
Where Philomel, your Notes you breathe,
Forth from behind the neightring Pine:
While Murmurs of the Stream beneath,
Still flow in Union with thine.

For Thee O Idleness, the Woes
Of Life we patiently endure;
Thou art the Source, whence Labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure,
For who would bear War's Toil & Waste,
Or who the thundering of the Sea,
But to be Idle at the last,
And find a pleasing End in thee.

FLUTE.

tr

tr



Set by M^r Boyce, Organist to his Majesty.

Germ
Flute.

On his Faat^her ver-nal Rose, Blended with the Lil-ly glows. Sym.

His Locks are as the Ra-ven black, in Ring-lets wa-ving

down his Back. Sym. His Eyes with milder Beau-ties

beam, than bil-ling Doves beside the Stream. His youth-ful Cheeks are Beds of

Flowers, en-li-ven'd by refreshing Showers. Sym. His

15

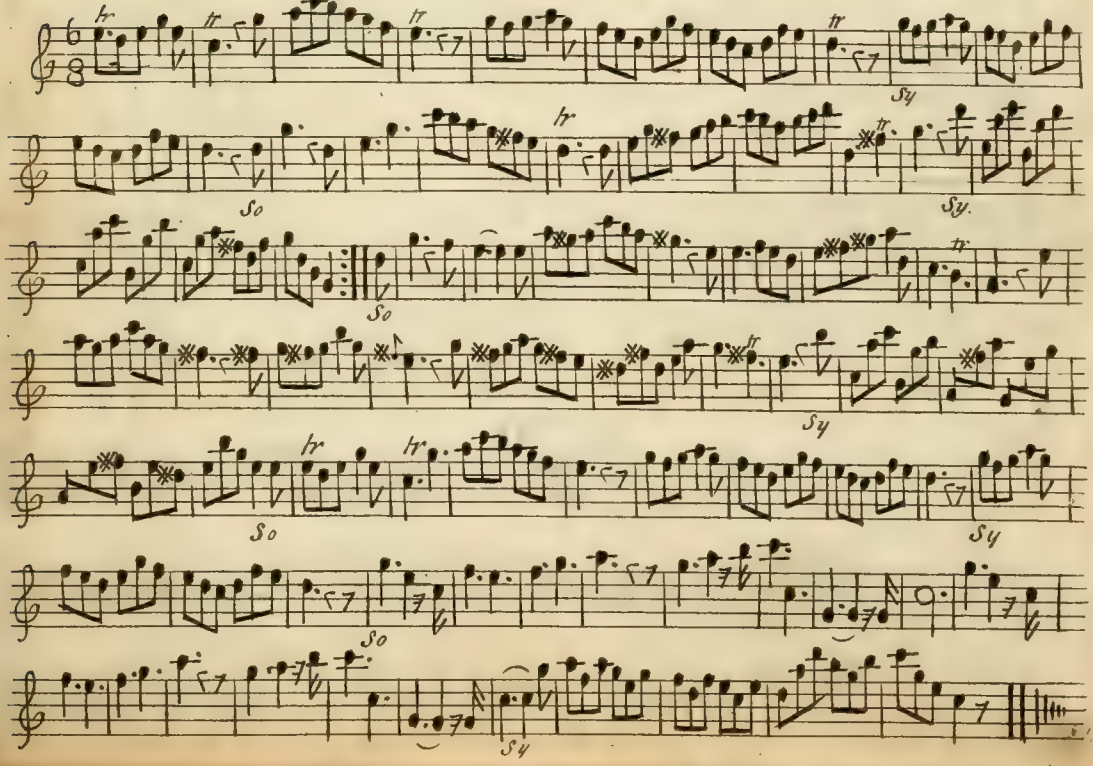


Lips are of the Rose-y Hue, dropping with a fragrant Dew.

Tall as the Cedar he appears, And as Erect his Form he bears, Tall as the

Cedar he appears, And as erect his Form he bears.

FLUTE.



16
Sung by M^r Falconer.

Set by W^m Defesh.

Ger
Flute

Cruel Amynta,

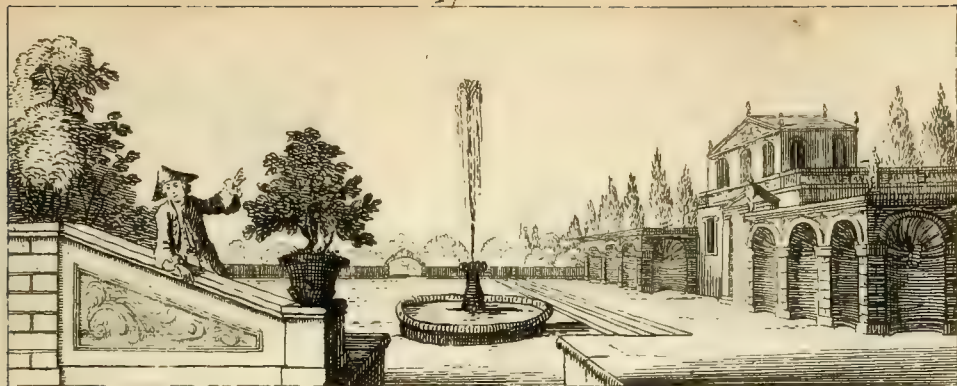
can you see a Heart thus torn which you betray'd? Love of himself ne'er

vanquish'd me, But thro your Eyes the Conquest made.

In Ambush there the Traytor lay, where I was caught by faithless Smiles, No Wretches

are so lost as they Whom much Securi-ty beguiles, Whom much Securi-ty beguiles.

Flute



Minuet by M^r Handel, with his own Base never before printed.

Germ. Flute

Love's a dear deceitfull Jewel, Fill'd with Raptures of the Brain:

All its pleasing Sweets are cru-el. All its Joys are dasht with

Pain, All its Joys are dasht with Pain.

O could I renounce at leisure
This Delusion of my Breast,
I'd turn Pilgrim and with Pleasure
Range the World to be at Rest.

But when Freedom I'm pursuing
Tho' resolved I cannot run,
Fonder still of my undoing
I embrace the Death I shun.

Thus alas our Hearts deceive us,
If to distant Climes we fly,
Distant Absence can't relieve us;
Still we sigh love on and dy.

Flute



Germ Flute

tr

Restrain'd from the Sight of my Dear, No Object with Pleasure I see, Tho Thousands a-

tr

round me appear, The World's but a Desert to me. Each Morning her Charms to survey, Sol's

tr

Absence I'd gladly excuse; Her Eyes will restore me the Day To Night when their Lustre I lose.

tr

*In vain is the Beauty of Spring,
Its Venture so blooming & gay;
The Birds who so cheerfully sing,
Delight not when She is away.*

tr

*O give the dear Nymph to my Arms.
The Seasons unheeded may roll;
Her Presence like Midsummer's noons,
Her Absence outfreezes the Pole.*

Flute

tr

tr

Germ Flute or Flute

tr

tr

Words and Music

BY

Mr Carey

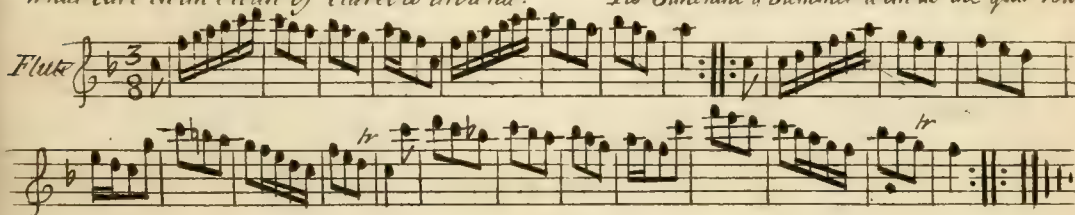
In a
right Key
for
Ger. Flute
Voice
and
Hoboy.

What Cato advises most certainly wise is, Not always to labour but sometimes to play:
To mingle sweet Pleasure with search after Treasure, Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day.

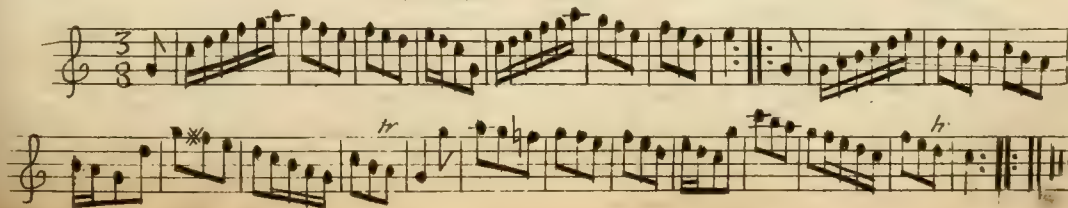
And while the dull Miser esteems himself wiser, His Bags to increase while his Health will de-

cay, Our Souls we enlighten, Our Fancies we brighten, And pass the long Evenings in Pleasure away.

All cheerfull and hearty we set aside Party;
With some tender Fair the bright Bumpers crown'd. But here's our Physician he knows no Ambition
Thus Bacchus invites us & Venus delights us, Thus happy together in Spite of all Weather,
While Cave in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd. 'Tis Sunshine & Summer with us the year round



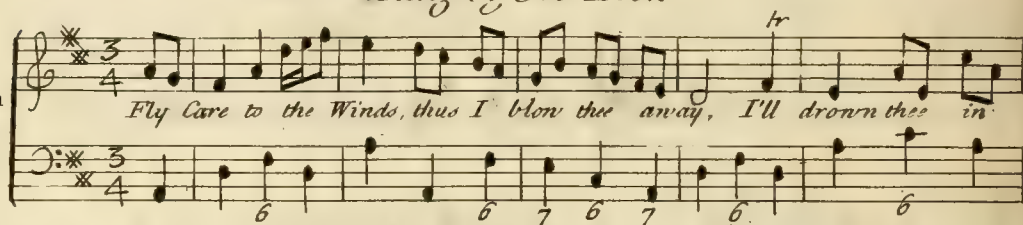
German Flute



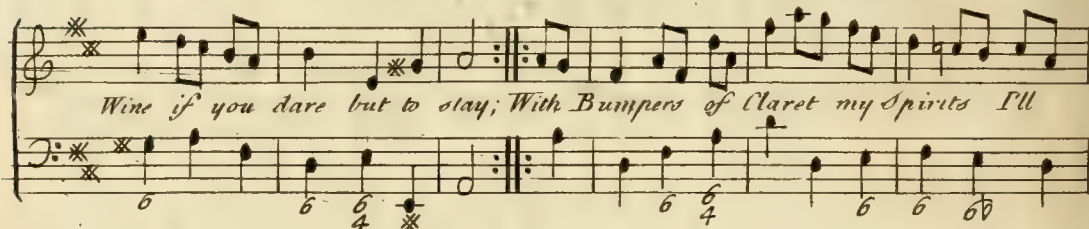


Sung by M^r Lion

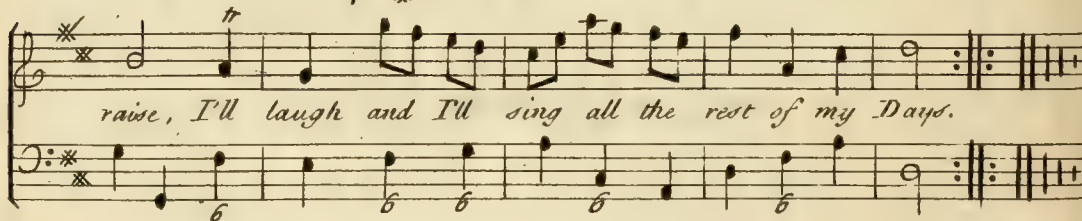
Germ
Flute



Fly Care to the Winds, thus I blow thee away, I'll drown thee in



Wine if you dare but to stay; With Bumpers of Claret my Spirits I'll



raise, I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my Days.

*Great Bacchus this Moment adopts me his Son. Then dull sober Mortals, be happy with me,
And brightens my Fancy with Transports unknown: Two Bottles of Claret will make us agree,
The sparkling Liquor new Vigor Supplies, Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
And makes the Nymph kind who before was too wise Her Coyne's wash down she will fly to your Arms*

FLUTE or GERMAN FLUTE.



Germ
Flute

Fair Sally loved a bonny Seaman, With Tears she sent him out to roam / Young Thomas

loved no other Woman, But left his Heart with her at home. She view'd the Sea from off the

Hill, And as she turn'd the spinning Wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.

The Winds blew loud & she grew paler,
To see the Weathercock turn round;
When lo! she spy'd her bonny Sailor
Come singing o'er the fallow Ground:
With nimble least he leap'd the Style
And Sally met him with a Smile
—And hugg'd her bonny Sailor.

*This Knave the Gift of lovely Sally,
Still have kept for thy dear Sake;
A thousand Times in amorous Folly.
Thy Name has carved upon the Deck,
Again the happy Pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns:
How true he burns for Sally.*

*Fast round the Waist he took his Sally,
But first around his Mouth wiped he;
Like homed Snail he could not dally,
But kiss and prest her with a Glee;
Thro' Winds and Waves & dashing Rain,
Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a Heart for Sally.*

*This Thimble didst thou give to Sally;
When this I see I think of You.
Then why does Tom stand shutt I shall I,
While yonder Steeples in our View?
Tom never to Occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming Morn
And went to Church with Sally.*

Flute

Flute

Handwritten musical score for Flute, measures 1-8. The music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features various musical notations including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests, with some notes marked with 'tr' for trills. The score is written on two staves.



Set by Mr Boyce.

Fare thee well, my dear

Fare thee well, my dear

Minuet time

Fare thee well, my dear

Handwritten musical score for the song "See you fertile Vale along, the new worn Path the". The score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some triplet markings. The bass line consists of quarter notes and rests. The lyrics are: "See you fertile Vale along, the new worn Path the".

Flocks have trod; Pursue the Prints their Feet have made, And they shall guide thee

to the Shade, and they shall guide thee to the Shade. Fairest of the Virgin Throng,

Handwritten musical score for a song. The title is "Dost thou seek thy Swains abode, See yon fertile Vale, along the new worn Path the". The music is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It contains a melody with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are trills marked "tr" above some notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats. It contains a bass line with note values and rests. The lyrics are written between the staves.

Flock's have trod, Peruse the Prints their Feet have made, and they shall

guide thee to the Shade, and they shall guide thee to the Shade.

FLUTE,

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 6/8. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century manuscript notation, with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a repeat sign (double bar line with two dots) and continues the melody. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final double bar line and repeat dots. The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

GERMAN FLUTE,



The Words and Music by a Master of Arts.

Musical score for the song "Long in vain I've been pursuing". The score is written for a German Flute and Minuet time. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is written on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: "Long in vain I've been pursuing Cloris, chief of all the". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

Plain, But She triumphs in my Ruin and torments me

Musical score for "The Merry Widow" (No. 10). The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The tempo is marked "Allegretto" and the mood is "with Disdain". The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line with a melisma "hr" and a piano accompaniment with a 7-measure rest. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a 7-measure rest in the first system and a 6-measure rest in the second system. The score ends with a double bar line.

*Queen of Beauty, help a Lover;
Make me once your sovereign Care:
Try with softest Words to move her,
Tell her that I dy for her.*

But if still she's unrelenting,
Tell her then tis all a Lie:
Damn'd wisely now repenting,
Leaves the Nymph & seems to dy.

Flute

Measures 1-8 of the Flute part. The notation includes grace notes (tr), slurs, and a double bar line at the end of measure 8.

25
Set by
TITYRUS

the
SHEPHERD

Germ. Flute

Easy

Come, Amaryllis, Quit the Town, And to the rural Hamlets fly: Now that the Winter

Cold is gone, The Sun's mild Rays adorn the Sky. Birds are awake, the Flowers appear. Earth makes a

verdant Couch for Thee: Music around is all we hear, and all is Beauty that we see.

<i>Come let us mark the blooming Spring,</i>	<i>Let us secure the short Delight,</i>
<i>How peeps the Bud, the Blossom blows;</i>	<i>Wisely enjoy the cheerful Day,</i>
<i>Till Philomel begins to sing,</i>	<i>For it will soon, too soon be Night:</i>
<i>And May brings in the fragrant Rose.</i>	<i>Arise my Love and come away.</i>

Flute.



Set by M. Strolger.

Both Flutes

Both Flutes

Shepherdeses pretty Lasses,

Come let's trip it on the Green, Come let's trip it on the Green.

Birds are singing, Flow'rs are springing. Nature in all her Beauty seen.

Meadows blowing, springs o'erflowing, Lillies, Roses Insects discloses,
 Flora smileing all around :S: Nature smileing every where :S:
 Lovely Flowers, pleasant Bowers, Nymphs complying, Cares are flying,
 Pleasure in every Place is found. Every Sence of Pleasure here.

An Ode of Horace

Ger. Flute.

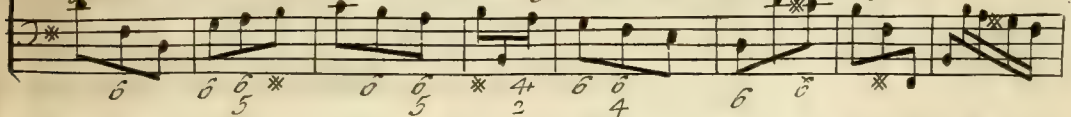
Set by M^r Lamp.



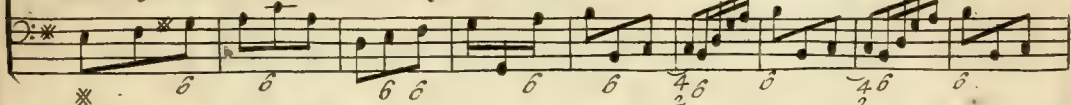
My Lesbia let us live and love, Let crabbed Aoe talk what it will;
The sun tho' down returns a - boye, But we once dead must be so still.



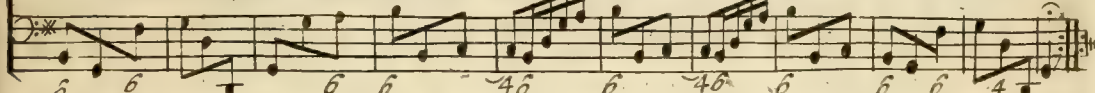
Kiss me a thousand Times and then, give me a hundred Kisses more;



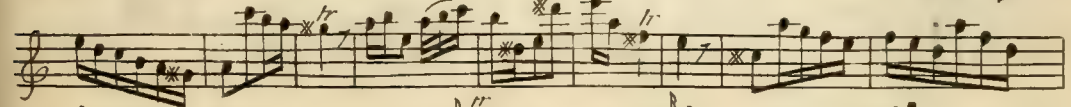
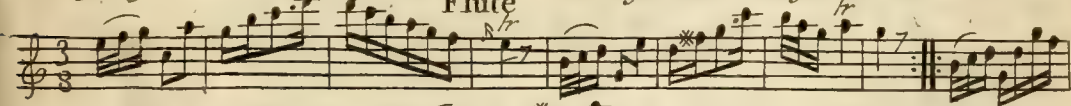
now kiss a thousand Times again, then th' other hun.



dred as before, Then th' other hun.



And then when we have done all this, Thus we will love and thus we'll live,
That our sweet Pleasures may remain, While all our posting Minutes fly;
We will continue on our Bliss, We'll have no Time to vex or grieve,
Unkissing of them all again. But kiss and unkiss till we die.





Slow time

Ger. Flute
or
Hoboy

Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rain to sooth my tender Woes,

tr

6 6 6 6 6 6 7

Your solemn Music lulls my Pain, and gives me short Repose.

6 6 6 6 6 6 7

*The Sun that makes all Nature gay Then pity me O gentle Love,
Disturbs my nearied Eyes: And come to my Relief,
And in dark Shades I waste the Day Lest Innocence & Virtue prove
Where Eccho sleeping lies. A Sacrifice to Grief.*

Flute

tr

German Flute

tr

Words and Music

BY M^r CAREY.

Ger.

Flute

O leave me to complain my Loss of Liber

ty, I never more shall see my Love, or ever more be free: I never more shall see my Love, or

ever more be free. O cruel cruel Fate, What Joy can I receive, When in the Arms of

one I hate, alas, I'm doom'd to live. Ye pitying Powers, above, that see my Souls dismay, O

End with 1st
Symph.bring me back y^e Man I love or take my Life away: O bring me back y^e Man I love or take my Life away.

FLUTE

End with 1st
Symphony



Gentle

Germ
Flute

*Svain, I know that you discover in my Form a thousand Charms;
Can you point me out a Lover, worthy my incensing Arms.*

Boy, no more approach my Beauty, till you equal Merit boast;

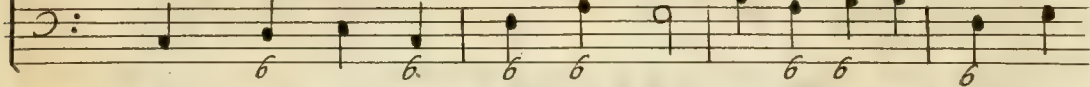
To a-dore me is a Duty, Thousands witness to their Cost.

The Repartee

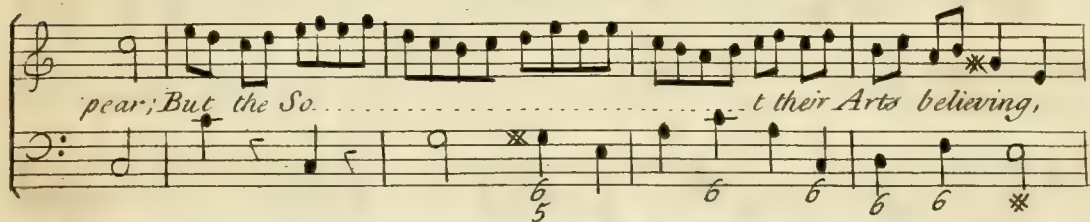
*Foolish Creature, did each Feature bloom beyond the Pride of Nature,
Go, o'erbearing proud insinuating Lay a Thousand Fops despairing,*

*Artful feigning, coy disdaining, Tain Coquet, destroy them all.
Then complying, sighing dying, To some Fool a Victim fall.*

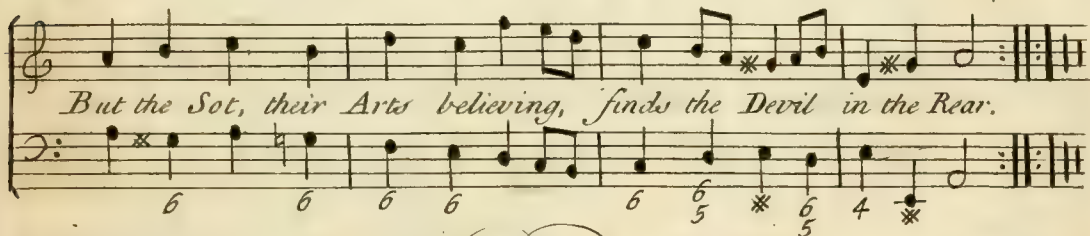
Nymphs, like you, while they're decieving, Angels all in Front ap



pear; But the So... t their Arts believing,



But the Sot, their Arts believing, finds the Devil in the Rear.



Suite.

Gentle.



Gentle Love.

Set to Music by M^s GermanGerm.
Flute.*Moderato*

Gentle Love this Hour be

friend me, to my Sighs resign thy Dart. Notes of melting Music lend me, to dis-

-solve a frozen Heart. Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom, tho' I tender Language

use, Iw by cold Indifference frozen to my Arms and to my Muse

Cloze, See my Eyes are pleading,
Where a broken Heart appears,
For thy Play interceding
With the Etoquence of Tears,

While the Lamp of Life is fading
And beneath thy Coldness dies,
Death my ebbing Pulse invading
Take my Soul into thine Eyes.

Flute

Germ. Flute.

Germ
Flute

Clouds of Coxcombs thus deluding, cringing, chattering, ogling, flattering,

By coquetting, jilting, prudeing, All are Victims to my Art, While at Will the Fools I'm

leading, They for Favours interce- ding, With vain hopes their Fancies feeding,

Still untoucht I keep my Hea.....rt, still untoucht I keep my Heart.

*Each imagines he will gain me,
Thinks I prize him, Who despise him:
All their Wives shall ne'er obtain me,
Born to baffle all Mankind.*

Like the Winds & Waves I'm³ changing,
Never constant, always ranging;
Cupid, from my Heart estranging,
Which is cold as he is blind. //

Flute

Minuet aux



Gentle

The generous Maid.

Why should I my Passion smother, Or the Man I love torment,

Frowns may drive him to a nother, then too late I ma

y repent, then too late I may repent.

Often has he fondly woo'd me,
Yet I always seem'd coy:
Tho' in pleasing Strains he sued me
Gainst my Will I did deny.

Thus we force ourselves to suffer,
Slighting what we so much prize;
Yet it's easy to discover
Our own Thoughts within our Eyes.

FLUTE



Ger. Flute.

Domestic Bird whom Wintry Blasts, To seek for humane aid compell. To me for

Warmth and Shelter fly, Welcome beneath my Roof to dwell. Supplies thy Hunger

to relieve, I'll daily at my Window lay I swear that daily those sup-

plies with grate-ful song with grateful song thou wilt repay.

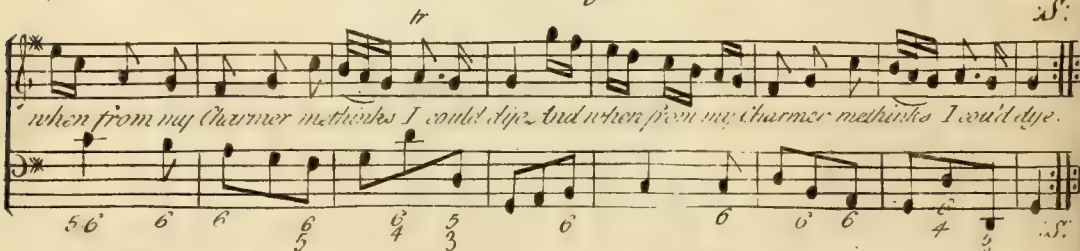
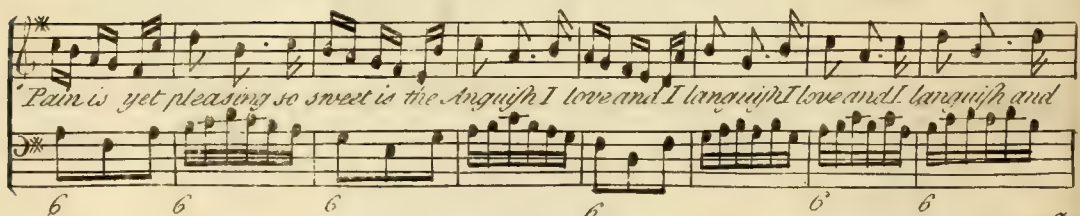
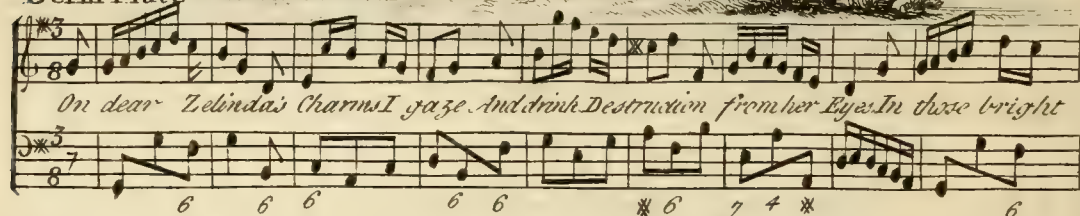
Soon as the new returning Spring,
Shall call thee forth to Woods & Groves,
Freely revisit then the Scene,
Which Notes so sweet as thine approves.

But if another Winter's frost,
Shall bring me back my Guest again,
Again with Music come prepar'd,
Thy friendly Host to entertain.

FLUTE

On Zelinda

Germ Flute

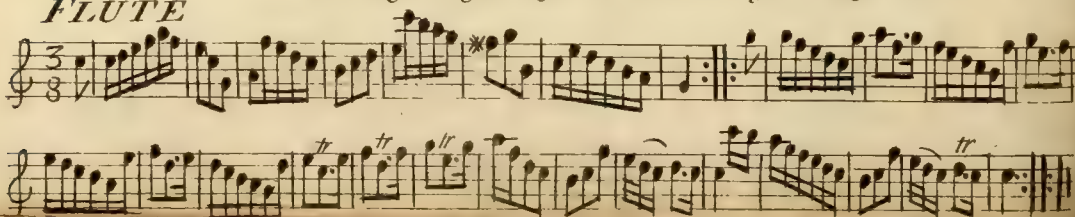


With Venus when on Ida's Grove,
For Charms Zelinda may compare;
She looks and moves the Queen of Love,
As fair her Face, divine her Air.

Bright Youth and good Nature,
Light up every Feature,
With Wit all inviting,
She's gay and delighting.

Inviting, delighting, Oh Cupid assist me my Charmer to move.

FLUTE



Set by M^r Howard.

Ger. *Say Myra, why is gentle Love A Stranger to your Mind, Which Pity and Es*
 Flute

teen can move, which can be just and kind? Is it because you fear to

know the Ills that Love molest, The tender Care the anxious Thoughts which

rack the amorous Breast? Alas by some Degree of Woe, we every Bliss ob

-tain, That Heart Loves Transport cannot know, which never felt the Pain.

Flute



Gentle Minuet time

Ger. *Flut.*

On every

7 4 3 7 4 3 6 7 6 6 4 7 4 3

Hill in every Grove, along the Margin of each Stream, Dear conscious

7 4 3 8 6 6 6 6 6 4 7 7

Scenes of former Love, I mourn and Damon is my Theme. The Hills, the

6 5 7 6 6 5 4 3 7

Groves and Streams remain, But Damon there I seek in vain: The

8 6 6 4 7 6 6 4 3

Hills, the Groves and Streama remain, But Damon there I seek in

4 3 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

vain. From Hill, from Dale, each Charm is fled; Groves Flocks and Fountains

please no more: Each Flower in Pity droops its Head, All Nature doth my

loss deplore. All, all reproach the faithless Swain, yet Damon

still I seek in vain. All, all reproach the faithless Swain, yet

Damon still I seek in vain.

Flute



Gentle Minuet time

Corn
Flute

In vain the Force of female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love, Not Air or Smile not

all their Charms my Passion can remove; For all that's fair and good I find in

Cloe's Form and Cloe's Mind, In Cloe's Form and Cloe's Mind.

*Lucinda shines in Gems and Gold
Adorn'd with all her Arts;
But no rich Chains my Heart can hold,
Unpierced by diamond Darts;
For all that's rich and fair I find
In Cloe's Form and Cloe's Mind.*

*Let Others all their Wit display
Which dazzles where it kills;
My heart disdains the feeble Ray,
Nor Light nor Heat it feels:
For all that's bright & gay I find
In Cloe's Form and Cloe's Mind.*

*O Myra now those Notes give o'er
Which once had Power to wound;
When Cloe speaks they are no more,
But mix with common Sound.
All grace and Harmony I find
In Cloe's Form and Cloe's Mind.*

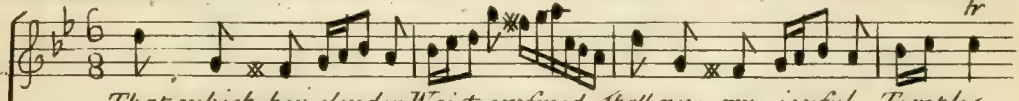
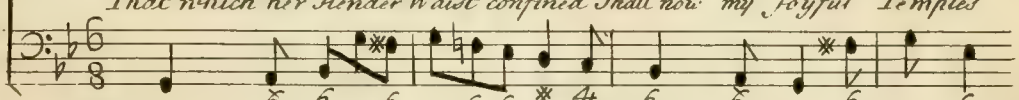
Flute

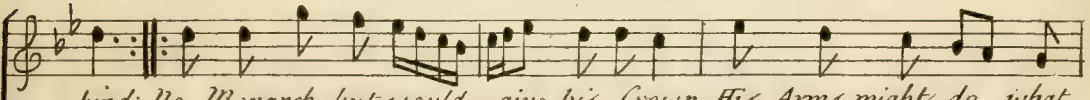
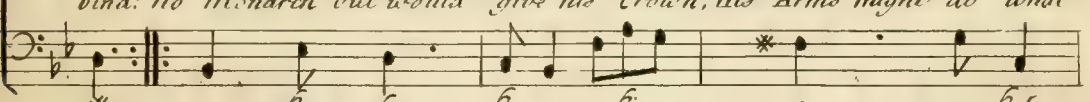
Gentle

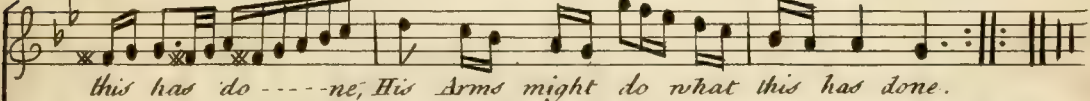
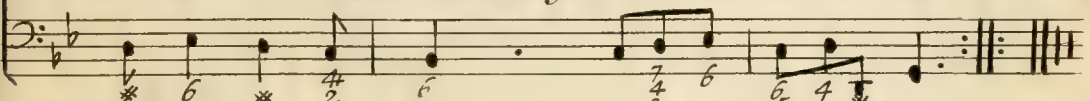
THE
GIRDLE,
Set by Geminiani,
the Words by Waller.



This Tune has commonly been ascribed to another Master, being somewhat like that of Handel P. 17. This likewise is a correct Copy with the Author's Base, (Never before printed.)

Germ. 
Flute 
That which her slender Waist confined Shall now my joyful Temples


bind: No Monarch but would give his Crown, His Arms might do what



this has do ---- ne, His Arms might do what this has done.


*It was my Joy's extremest Sphere;
The Pale which held that lovely Deer:
My Hope my Care, Delight and Love
Did all within that Circle move.*

*A narrow Compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair.
Give me but what this Rib and bound,
Take all the Rest the Sun goes round.*

Flute






THE BACHELOR.

Not too fast

Germ. Flute

Young Damon once a jolly Swain, his Music charmd the listning Plain, at-

tr

6 7 * 6 6 6 6 7 * 6

tentive to his Glee: While Nymphs around him, used to throng He tuned his Flute, and

tr

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

all his Song was, I love my Liberty, was, I love my Liberty.

tr

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Bright (Noe, every Shepherd's Care,
And Flavia fairest of the Fair,

Are now no longer free.
Coy Delia felt unusual Pain;
All grieve to hear that Damon's Strain
Was, I love my Liberty.

The Youth by Inclination sway'd,
A kinder Tune had often play'd

To every charming She:
But now they fear his wily Tongue;
For all he said and all he sung
Was, I love my Liberty.

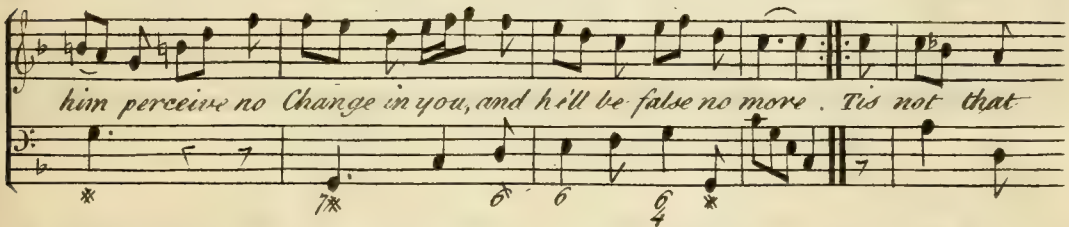
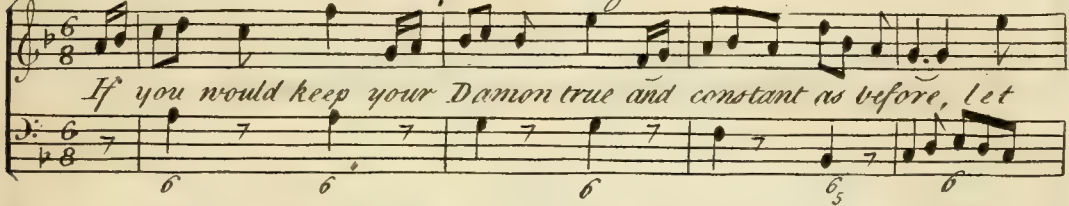
Flute or Germ. Flute

tr

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Ger. Flute.

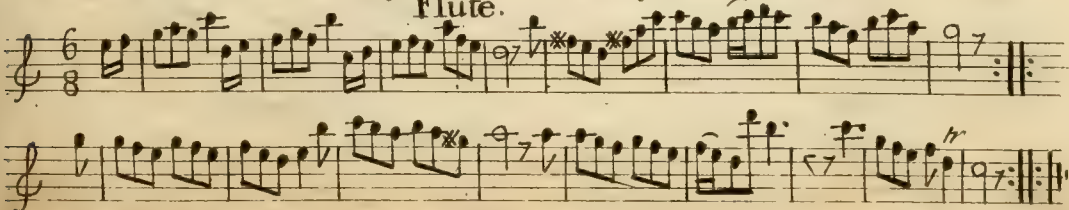
Set by M.^r Carey.



*Why then should you disgrace with Tears,
That Face which once was gay;
Or why should you disgrace with Fears
That Heart which once was May.* 

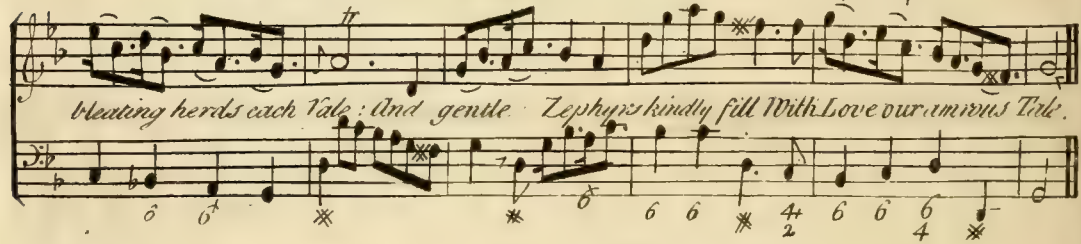
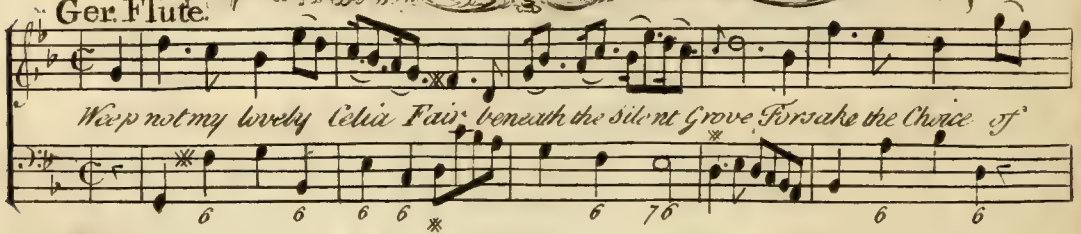
*Let Smiles again adorn your Face,
Again be gay and glad;
And he'll again resume his Place,
Or else by Love he's Mad.*

Flute.



Set by M^r Davis

Ger. Flute.



Or to the Myrtle Shade my Fair;
 Pleased with the fond delight,
 Together joyous we'll repair
 And glad each others Sight:
 While feather'd Songsters warbling round
 Their pleasing transports bring,
 And answering to each others Sound,
 In notes harmonious Sing.

Flute.





Ger. Flute.

When Brautious fair Camilla deigns, To give a generous Smile, Un-

feign'd in her what Sweetness Reigns, what pleasing Airs beguile :

Than Her, no Violet, Pink or Rose, More graced when Bloom appears, Far

lovelier Bloom her Looks disclose, And Bright her heavenly Sphere.

Youth Beauty, Wit, Good nature are
Around her Person joind,
While spotless ev'ry Virtue rare
Is center'd in her Mind.

Since then Camilla's native Charms
Such Prime Delights impart,
How blest the Man who in his Arms
Can share her Virgin heart.

Flute.

48
Set by Mr Howard.

Germ
Flute

See Daphne see, Florello cry'd, and learn the sad Effect of Pride, 'Q'on
shelter'd Rose how close conceal'd, how quickly blasted when reveild:
The Sun with warm attractive Rays tempts it to wanton in the Blaze, A Gale suc-
cedes from eastern Skies, and all its blushing Beauty dies, and all its blushing Beauty dies.

So You my Fair, with Charms divine,
Will quit the Plain at Court to shine,
Where Flames transporting Rays allure,
The here more happy more secure:
The Breath of some neglected Maid
Will make you sigh you left the Shade.
A Breath to Beauty's Bloom unkind.
As to the Rose the eastern Wind.

The Nymph reply'd, You fast my Chaim,
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain;
One envious Tongue alike disarms,
You of your Wit Me of my Charms.
Unheard, what is the true full Thrill,
Or if unknown the Poet's Skill;
What, unadmired, a charming Mein,
Or what the Rose's Blush unseen.

Flute

Flute

THE Pretty Thief

Set by M^r. Worgan

Germ
Flute

I tell with equal Truth and Grief, that Cloe is an arrant Thief; Be -

-fore the Urchin well could go, She stole the Whiteness of the Snow; and more, that Whiteness

to adorn, She stole the Blushes of the Morn, She stole the Blushes of the Morn.

She pilfer'd orient Pearl for Teeth,
And stole the Sun's ambrosial Breath,
The cherry drop in morning Dew,
Gave Moisture to her Lips and Blue,
Those were her infant Spoils she stole,
To which in Time she added more.

There's no repeating all her Wiles;
She stole the Graces winning Smiles,
She sung-amaz'd the Syrens heart,
And to assert their Voice appear'd,
She play'd - the Muses from their Hill,
Wonder'd who thw had stole their Skill.

At Twelve she stole from Cyprus Queen
Her Air and Love commanding Mein;
Stole Jove's dignity, & stole
From Pallas Sense to charm the Soul.
Apollo's Wit was next her prey;
Her next the Beam that lights the Day.

Great Jove approv'd her Crimes & Art;
And to her Day she stole my Heart.
If Lovers, Cupid, are thy Care,
Exert your Vengeance on the Fair;
To Iryal bring her stolen Charms,
And let her Prison be - my Arms.



Words by Milton, set by M^r Arne.

Germ
Flute

6 3 6 7 9 8 6 5 6 5

Would you taste the Noontide Air, to yon fragrant Bower repair, where woven

6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 4 6 4 3 6

with the Poplar Bough the mantling Vine will shelter you, the mantling Vine will shelter you.

6 6 6 6 4 2 6 6 6 7 6 4

Down each side a Fountain flows, tinkling, murmuring as it goes

6 6 7 6 5 4 7 7 6 6 6 6 6 6

lightly o'er the mossy ground, lightly o'er the mossy ground, sultry Phœbus scorching round, sultry Phœbus

4 3 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

scorching round. Round, the languid Herds and Sheep, stretcht on sunny Hillsides sleep;
 while on the Hyacinth and Rose the Fair doth all alone repose, the Fair doth all alone repose all alone : *slow*
 yet in her Arms your Breast may heat to Love's alarms till blest and blessings you shall own, till blest and
 Gentle
 blessings you shall own, the Joys of Love, are Joys alone, the Joys of Love are Joys alone.

Flute

Set by M^r Galliard for a Tenor Voice.
Now put in a general Key for Voice or Instrument.

Hoboy
or
German
Flute

oft on the troubled Ocean's face loud stormy Winds arise, The murmuring Surges swell apace and clouds ob-

-soure the Skies: But when the boisterous Rage is o'er, Soft Breezes sooth the Main, The Billows

cease to lash the Shore and all is calm again Not so in fondle amorous Souls if Tyrant Love doth

reign, There one eternal Tempest rolls and gives unceasing Pain. Ah cruel Cupid Peace restore, Or

wound us with thy Shafts no more; Ah cruel Cupid Peace restore, Or wound us with thy Shafts no more.

Flute



German Flute

Of every Sweet that glads the Spring, A Tribute to thy
 Charms I'll bring, I'll i-mi-tate the bu-sy Bee.
 To make a fragrant Crown for Thee

When from the Plains we're chased away, And when to Rest her Eyes incline,
 By the fierce Power that rules the Day; And Light, nor they no longer shine,
 I'll lead Thee to the Shades and streams, The fairest Fleece of every Sheep,
 To shield Thee from his scorching Beams. My Love shall press in peaceful Sleep.
 From all the Ills that Night invade,
 I'll guard the dear, the beautiful Maid;
 My tender faithful Care shall prove,
 None watch so well as They that love.

FLUTE

FLUTE

Set by M^r Howard

German Flute

Vivace

6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

If Truth can fix thy wavering Heart, Let Damon

urge his Claim, He feels the Passion void of Art, The pure and constant Flame ;

Tho' sighing Swains their Anguish tell, Their sensual Love con-

temn, They only prize the beauteous Shell But slight the inward Gem.

Flute

54

Who to win a Woman's Fa-vor would soli-cit long in vain;
Who to gain a Moment's Pleasure would endure an Age of Pain?

Vainly toying, ne'er enjoying, pleased with suing, fond of Ruin, made the Martyr

of Disdain. Who to win a Woman's Favor would solicit long in vain?

Give to me the handsome Rover
Whom a generous Temper warms;
Kindly using every Lover,
Well bestowing all her Charms:
Never flying but complying,
Frank and easy, glad to please ye,
Thro' me then into her Arms.
Give to me the handsome Rover
Whom a generous Temper warms.

Flute

Germ. Flute

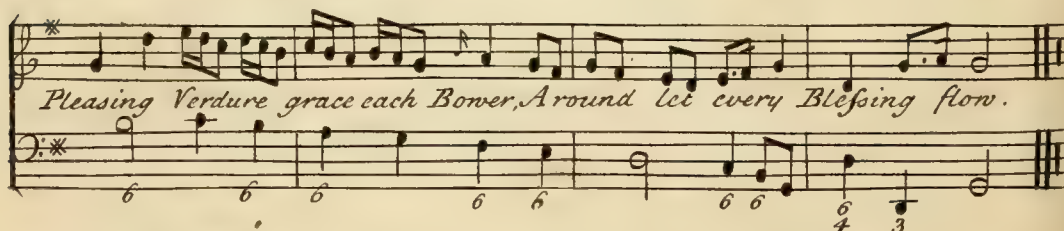
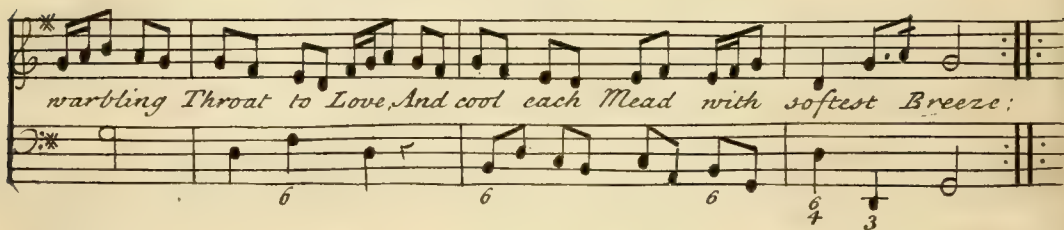
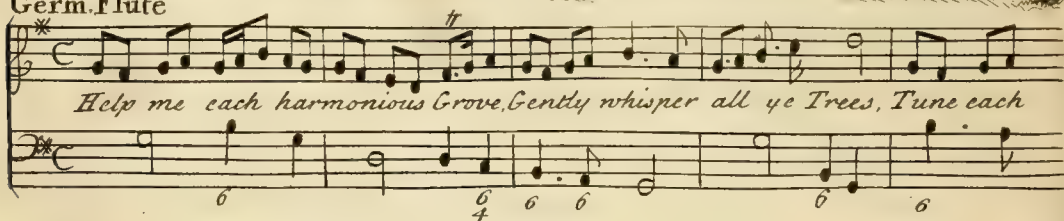
Germ. Flute

The musical score for the German Flute part consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. It contains measures 1 through 8. Measures 1-4 are marked with a double asterisk (**), and measures 5-8 are marked with a single asterisk (*). The second staff also begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and contains measures 9 through 16. Measures 9-12 are marked with a double asterisk (**), and measures 13-16 are marked with a single asterisk (*). The notation includes various musical symbols such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and trills (tr).



Flute

Germ. Flute



Glide ye lympid Brooks along,
Phœbus glance thy mildest Ray;
Murmuring Floods repeat my song,
And tell what Colin dare not say.

Cælia comes, whose charming Air,
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah tell the blooming Fair,
That Colin dies if she disdains.



Words by a Lady.
Set by M^r Oswald.

Germ
Flute

Moderate

Should Love sincere de-
void of Art, Lefeloy or Bliss traston, Because the Hand goes with the Heart must that create our Wor? Tho
Hymens Torch burns often dim, tis not poor Hymens Fault, He ne'er design'd his Nymphs and
Swains be ne'er design'd his Nymph and Swains should traffick or be bought should traffick or be bought.

But Flutus, Foe to generous Love,
Is Rum, Curse and Bane,
Resolved that Gold should only move,
The youthful Nymph and Swain.
Thus Riches join unequal Pair,
Neglecting Care and Rule;
The t'gly with the blooming Fair,
The Wally with the Fool.

Let Sense and Merit fix your Choice:
Good Nature too should aid.
Attend to Truths unerring Voice
And let not Wealth perswaide.
A Partner thus by Reason chose,
Your Tendernefs repays,
No Chams no Fetters will impose.
But soothes your Nights & Days.

Flute
or Germ
Flute

Ly

EARLY HORN.

Set by
M^r Galliard,

and sung by
M^r BEARD.

Made into a complete
Lesson for German Flute,
Voice and Bass.

With early Horn salute the Morn that gilds this Charming Place, With cheerful Gies bid Echo rise and

join the jovial Chace, and join the jovial Cha-----ce, and join the jovial

Chace, With early Horn salute the Morn, that gilds this charming Place,

With cheerful Gies bid Echo rise, bid Echo rise, and join the jovial Cha-----

ce: With cheerful Gies bid

Flute $\frac{12}{8}$
8
3/4

over again to the mark

Truth in Wine?

Set by M^r. Arne

Germ. Flute

By the gaily circling Glass We can see how Minutes pass; By the hollow

Lark are told, How the waning Night grows old: how the waning Night grows old.

Soon, too soon the busy Day drives us from our sport away. What have we with

Day to do? Sons of Care, twas made for you, Sons of Care twas made for you.

Come then, Fill the chearfull Glass;
Truth is only found in Wine.
Tales of Love are all a Farce;
But true Friendship is divine.
But true Friendship is divine.
Come then Filler

Flute

Come then, Fill the chearfull Glass;
Truth is only found in Wine.
Tales of Love are all a Farce;
But true Friendship is divine.
But true Friendship is divine.
Come then Filler



Lucinda Ser by M^r. Prelleur.

Germ
Flute

When Lucinda's blooming Beauty, did at first the Town surprise, Damon foremost

paid his Duty, and there fixt his wondring Eyes. Like fair Lillies mixt with Roses are the

Tinctures of her Face; And her brighter Mind diodcloses Charms, we no where else can trace.

She, alone the Life of Pleasure,
Makes the Ball, the Park, the Play;
Scattering round her radiant Treasure
Gives her Slaves a golden Day.

Ye whose thoughts are too aspiring,
Of her magic Power beware;
Learn to live by strict admiring;
Love she tortures with Despair.

Flute

Sy

Set by M^r Arne

Flute

4 Sym

Germ Flute .

tr

If all that I love is her Face, From looking I sure can re-

frain. In others her likeness may trace, Or Absence may cure all my Pain.

This said from her Charms I retired, Nor knew I till then how I loved What present my

Passion admired, admired. In Absence my Reason approved

Then why should I hope for Relief,
Where all that I see is Disdain?
No Pity in her for my Grief,
No Merit in me to complain.

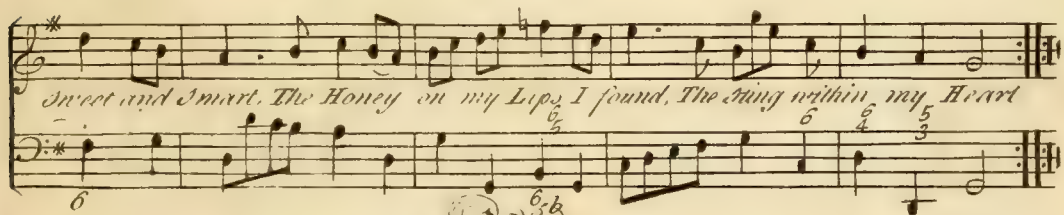
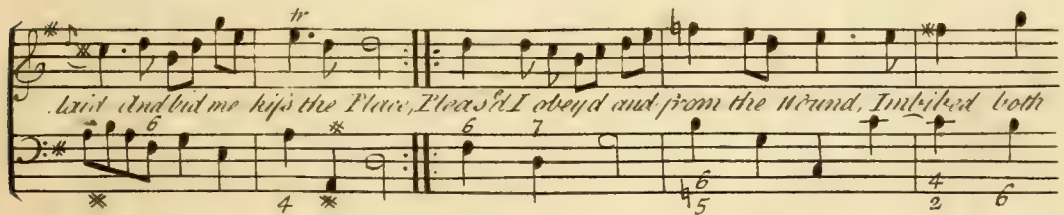
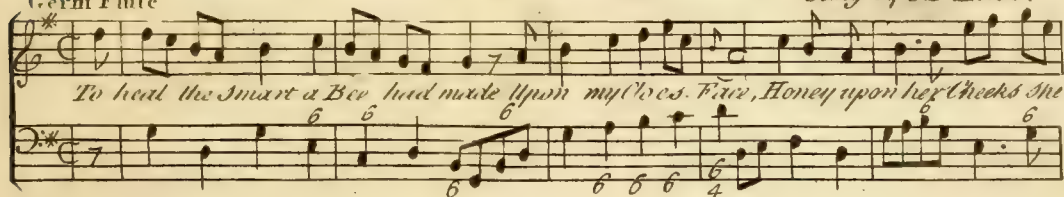
Nor yet do I Fortune upbraid,
Tho' rebell'd of my Freedom & Ease,
Still proud of thy Choice I have made,
Tho' hopeless it ever can please.



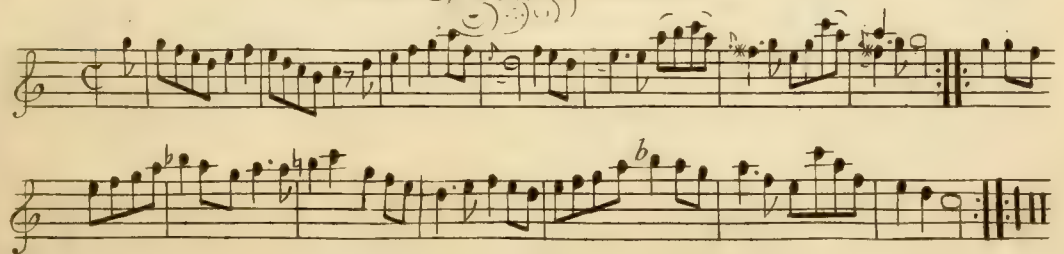
An Epigram, by Prior.

Sung by M^r Lowe.

Germ Flute



Slute





Germ
Flute

Guardian Angels now protect me, Send to me the Man I love Cupid

with thy Bow defend me Help me all the Powers above Bear my Sighs ye!

gentle Breezes, Tell my Love how I despair Tell him that I grieve

Tw' for him I live O may he still prove sincere

*Through the shady Grove I'll wander,
Silent as the Bird of Night,
Near the Brink of yonder Fountain
First Leander blest my Sight.*

*Witness Groves and Falls of water,
Echoes tell the Vows he swore:
Can he me forget, will he me neglect
Shall I never see him more?*

*Doth he love and yet forsake me,
To admire a Nymph more Fair?
If so I'll wear the Willow,
And esteem the happy Pair.*

*Lonely Shades I'll make my Dwelling
Nor the Cares of Life pursue:
Lark and Philomel both shall hear me tell
Why I bid the World Adieu.*

Flute



Germ
Flute

Cloris, Darling of the Muses, fairer than the blooming Spring, Sweetest Theme the Poet

chuses, whom of thee he strives to sing. While my Soul with Wonder traces all thy

Charms of Face and Mind, All the Beauties, all the Graces of thy Sex in

thee I find; All the Beauties all the Graces of thy Sex in thee I find.

*Love Delight and Admiration
In my Breast alternate rise;
Words no more can paint my Passion,
Than the Pencil can your Eyes.
Lavish Nature, thee adorning,
O'er your Lips and Cheeks hath spread
Colours that surpass the Morning,
Smiling with sweet racy red.*

*Pallas, Venus too, must never
Boast their Charms triumphant yet;
Cloris bright outshining ever
Thou in Beauty, that in Wit.
Could the Gods in their Condition
Ought on Earth with Pleasure view,
Lovely Cloris, their Ambition
Would be then to live with you.*

Flute



COMUS, set by M^r. Arne, (Adapted for the VOICE & FLUTE.)

Fly

swiftly ye Minutes till Comus receive the nameless soft transports that Beauty can

give The Bowls frolick Says let him teach her to

prove, And She in return yield the Raptures of Love, and She in return yield the Raptures of

Love. Without Love & Wine Wit and Beauty are vain, All

The musical score is written for Voice and Flute. It consists of five systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff (Voice) and a bass clef staff (Flute). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "The Fair Splendid Palace". The score is written on four systems of staves, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staves, and the bass staves contain figured bass notation. The lyrics are: "Grandeur in-si-pid and Ruins a Pain. The fair splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave, grows dark as the Grave. Love and Wine giv' ye Gods, or take back what ye gave, Love and Wine give ye Gods, or take back what ye gave, or take back what, ye gave". The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. The paper is aged and shows some staining.

67

Grandeur in-si-pid and Ruins a Pain. The fair splendid Palace grows

dark as the Grave, grows dark as the Grave. Love and Wine giv' ye Gods, or take

back what ye gave, Love and Wine give ye Gods, or take back what ye gave, or take

back what, ye gave

Flute

Handwritten musical score for "The Merry Widow" by Franz Lehár. The score is written on five staves in a single system, featuring a 6/8 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is complex, with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes, slurs, and ties. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Chearful *tr* *tr* Setby D. Green. *tr*

Ye purple blooming Roses When Love in Wreaths disposes, Why guard ye

so your Treasure, and grudge the Boy his Pleasure? So mixt with Sweet and Sauer Life's

not unlike the Flower: Its Sweets unpluck'd will languish and gather'd tis with

anguish. Its Sweets unpluck'd will languish and gather'd tis with Anguish

Then Lovely Boy bring hither
The Chaplet e'er it wither:
Steep'd in the various Juices
The duster'd Vine produces.

3 This round my moistend Tresses
The use of Life expresses.
Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow:
to Our Rose may fade to morrow.

Flute



Love betray'd.

Germ
Flute

In some dreary Desert I'll hide me Regardless of what shall betide me The
Herbage with Food shall provide me, and Save a poor pity my Moan. I'll sleep at the
Foot of some Mountain, I'll drink at the Crystalline Fountain, and
while I'm my Sorrows recounting, kind Echo shall answer each Groan.

6 6 7 6 6 6 4/2

6 7 6 6 6 5 4 3

6 4 2 6 4 2 6

6 5 * 6 6 6 6 4 *

*The Swain I did love hath undone me
He courted me till he had won me;
But soon he turn'd cruel to shun me,
And me, for another to leave.*

*Come Death from Distracted relieve me;
Cold Earth to thy Bosom receive me;
Come, You, that so basely could leave me,
And shed one kind Tear at my Grave.*

The last half of each Stanza is to end the first Part of y^e Tune

Flute

End at the first ♯



Set by Will Turner

tr

Why will Florella, when I gaze, my ravish'd Eyes reprove, And

tr

hide me from that only Face they can behold with Love? To

tr

shun your Scorn and ease my Care I seek a Nymph more kind, And

tr

when I turn from Fair to Fair, Much gentler Usage find.

But oh how faint is every Joy Where na ture has no Part
 New Beauties may my Eyes imploy, But you ingage my Heart

So restless Exiles as they roam, meet Pi-ty every where, But

languish for their Native Home, tho Death attends them there.

Flute

The flute accompaniment consists of six staves of music. The first staff is in 3/8 time, and the subsequent staves are in 4/8 time. The music features various melodic lines, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several trills marked 'tr' throughout the piece. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Mr Arne:—

For a Shape and a

Bloom for an Air and a Mien, Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay Green.

But artfully wild and affectedly cov, Those her Beauty invited her Pride would de

show, Those her Beauty invited her Pride would destroy.

By y^e Flocks as She strayd with y^e Nymphs of y^e Vale.

Not a Shepherd but wou'd her to hear his soft Tale;

*Tho' fatal the Passion, She laugh'd at the Dream,
And return'd to the Mother, her Father's Friend.*

And returned with Neglect what she heard with Disdain

But Beauty has Wings and too hastily flies.

And Love unrequited soon ticks and dies;

The Nymph cured by Time of her Folly and Pride.

Man sieht ein bei Thun für der Blüß'sche Kneyd.

No longer She frolicks it wide o'er the Plain,
To kill with her Joyness the languishing Swain;
So humbled her Pride is so softend her Mind
¶ Tho courted by None She to all woud be kind.

¶ Tho courted by None She to all woud be kind

Flute



Second Stanza

*Tis not her Air, for sure in that,
There's nothing more than common,
And all her Sence is only Chat,
Like any other Woman.
Her Voice, her Touch might give th' Alarm,
Tis both perhaps, or neither.
In short tis that provoking Charm, ||
Of Celia all together. ||*

Germ *Gentle*

Flute

tr 6 * 6 6 6 6 4 5 * 6 6 b7 *

Yes I'm in Love I feel it now, And Celia has un

6 6 * 7 6 6 * 6 6 6 5

done me, And yet, I swear, I can't tell how The pleasing Plague stole on me.

4 5 * 6 6 6 *

Tis not her Face that Love creates, For there no Graces

6 6 6 6 6 4 * 6

revel, Tis not her Shape for there the Fates, Tis not her Shape for

6 6 6 6 6 6

there the Fates have rather been un...ci vil; have rather been un

ci vil.

Flute

Germ Flute



Set by W^r Oswald

Germ. Flute
Hoboy
or Flute

The Shape and Face let others prize And Features of the Fair: I look for Spirit

6 6 4/2 6 6 6 5 6 6 6

in her Eyes and Meaning in her Air: A rosey Cheek and lilly Arm, shall ne'er my

6 4/2 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6

Fancy win, Give me an animated Form that speaks a Mind within.

6 6 3 6 6 6 4/2 6 6 6 4 3

A Soul where virtuous Honour shines,
 Where Sense and Sweetness move;
 Where Angel Innocence refines,
 The tenderness of Love;
 These are the Life of Beauty's Frame.
 Without whose vital Aid;
 Unfinght all her Features seem,
 And all her Colours dead.

But when these Charms do both unite
 How perfect is the View
 With every Image of Delight,
 And Graces ever new!
 There Power but faintly to express,
 All Language must decay:
 Go then Behold my Celias Face,
 And read it perfect there.

Flute

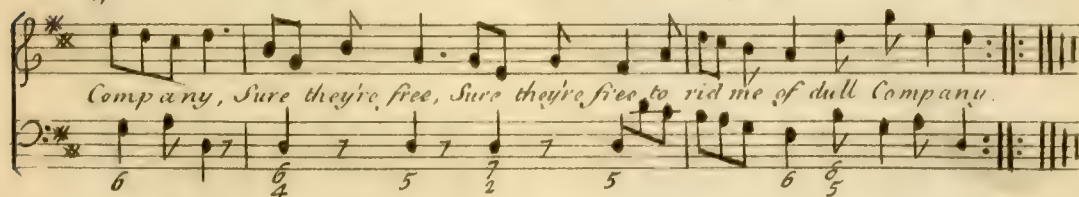
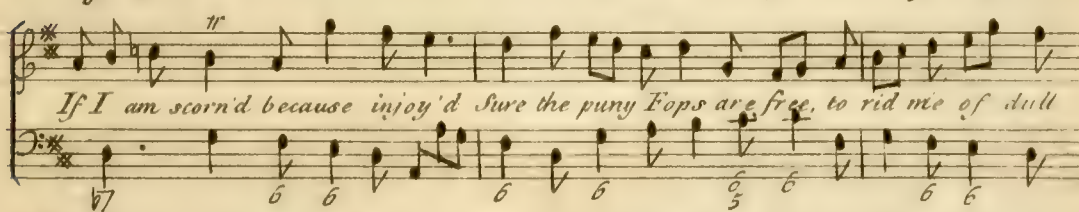
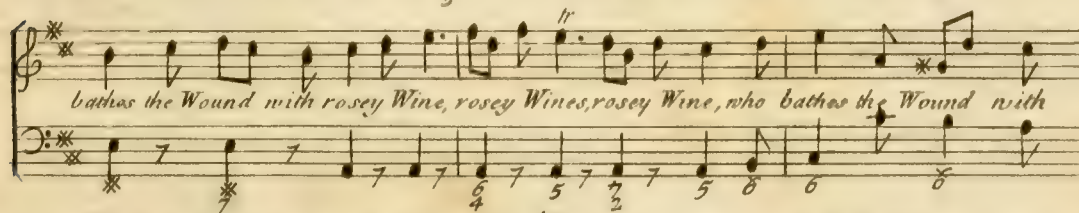
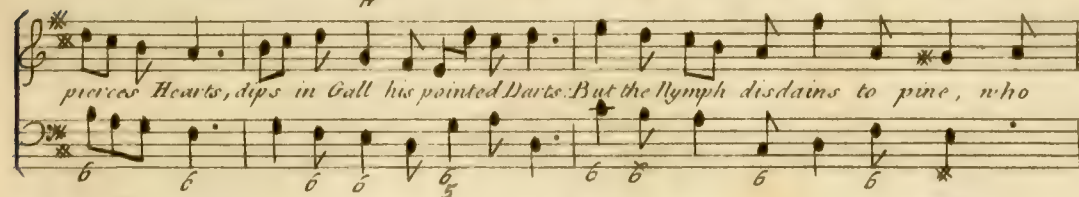
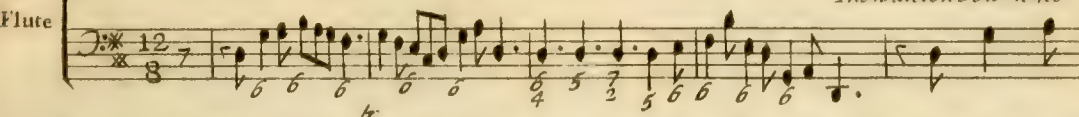
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(Song in Cornus Sec by M^r Arne

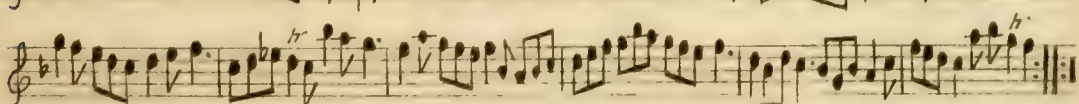
Germ

Flute

The wanton God who



FLUTE





Germ
Flute

When Fanny blooming fair first met my ravisht Sight, Caught

12/8

with her Shape and Air I felt a strange Delight While eagerly I gazed, admiring every

6 6 6

Part, and every Feature praised, She stole into my Heart.

6 6

In her bewitching Eyes
Young Smiling Loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies
His Shafts are horde'd there.
Her blooming Cheeks are dyed
With colour all their own
Excelling far the Pride
of Roses newly blown.

Bright Venus round her Waist
Hath her own Girdle bound,
With guardian Angels graced,
Who sport the Circle round.
How happy will He be,
Who shall that Zone untie?
That Bliss to all but me,
May Heaven and She deny.

Flute

12/8



Words by M^r Gay, set by M^r Handel.

Germ
Flute

Gende

Thus when the Sea was roaring with hollow Blasts of Wind, A Damsel lay de

tr

ploring, all on a Rock reclined: Wide o'er the rolling Billows She cast a wishful

tr

Look; Her Head was crown'd with Willows That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gon and over,
With nine long tedious Days;
Why did my venturous Lover,
Why did you trust the Seas?
Cease, cease then cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest;
Oh what's your troubled Motion
To that within my Breast.

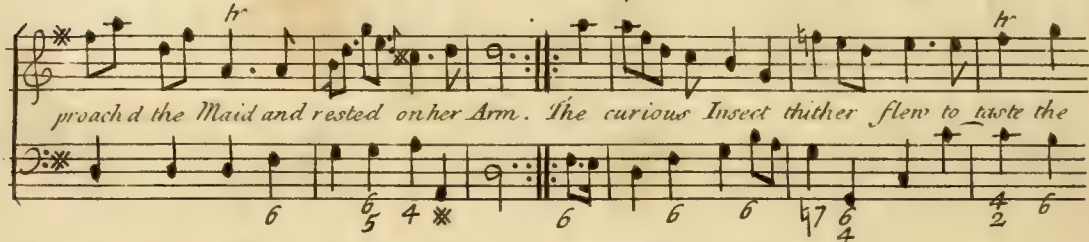
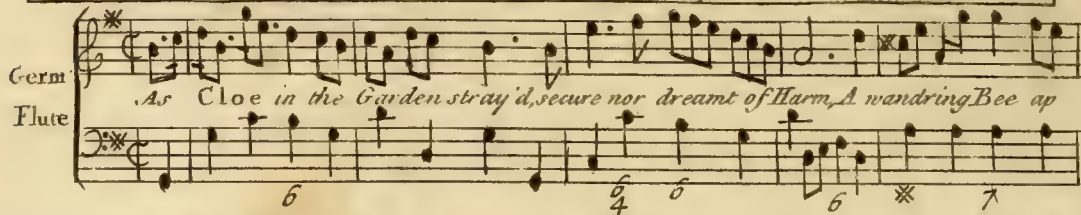
The Merchant robb'd of Pleasure
Views Tempests in Despair,
But what's the Loss of Treasure
To losing of my Dear.
Shoud you some Coast be laid on
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature,
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the Water
Do dangerous Rocks remain?
No Eyes the Rocks discover
Which lurk below the Deep,
To wreck the wandering Lover
And leave the Maid to weep.

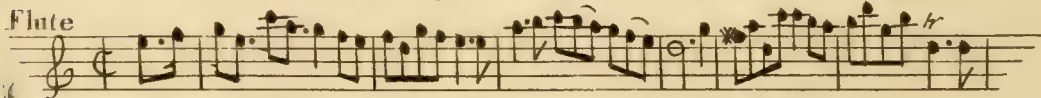
All melancholy lying
Thus would she for her Dear:
Repaid each Blast with sighing,
Each Billow with a Tear.
When o'er the white Waves stooping,
His floating Corps she espied,
Then like a Lilly drooping
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

Flute

THE BEE.
Set by
M^r Crookenden.



For soon as Cloe's Arm received And felt the little Sting,
Her nimble Hand of Life bereaved the too adventurous Thing.
Oh could that short lived tender Smart, The Nymph to pity move,
It would teach her to regard the Heart, She wounds with endless Love.



Finis.











